

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

NOVEMBER 1, 1809.

Mister WAITHMAN.

SIR,

Mr. Waithman certainly *professes* to be, and it is not without the verge of *possibility* that he *may be*, a very loyal subject, and very much attached to his King and to the Constitution. I have a friend, a very worthy Jew, of the name of APPELLA, (I fancy by the sound he is of Portuguese extraction) whose candour is such that he firmly believes the common council-man's assertions, and he has so far won upon me by his arguments as to induce me to fancy that Mr. Waithman's attachment to the one is certainly *as great as to the other*, I believe, however, it has generally been held good logic, that "*de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*" Now if this gentleman's loyalty be really so great as he professes, is it not rather strange that it does not burst forth with ten fold brilliance, (from having so long lain by,) on an occasion where it might most naturally be expected to display itself? that is, on a question *completely separated from all party*, an address to his Majesty on his entering

the fiftieth year of his reign. *When, I should wish to know, is this loyalty to his sovereign to be brought forth to public view, but on an event to which neither the administration nor the opposition, neither the vigour nor the imbecility of ministers, in any degree contributed ; but the MERCY of GOD, and the temperance of the MONARCH ?* But no, Sir. This loyalty must prolong its nap *ad Græcas calendas*, till fools grow wise, and knaves turn honest.

But it is to the expence of the entertainment, proposed to be given by the corporation on the fiftieth anniversary of the King's accession, that Mr. Waithman objects. *Consistent loyalist !* Did he object to the expence of a gold box to be given to a colonel who *bribed a witness to calumniate the son of his sovereign ?* Oh ! no. The end proposed rendered expence in that case, a consideration of no moment.

This city* Hyperbolus, this modern Cleon, (though the latter name is rather misapplied, as he does not possess the virtues of Cleon) in one of his "elegant orations," in Guildhall, in which he just takes care to "keep o'th' windy side of the law," asks, " *What we are to congratulate his Majesty upon ?*" I answer—simply on the mere fact of entering THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF HIS REIGN. Is it nothing, Sir, to have been blessed with long life, and a reign which has been equalled only by one of his predecessors ? I say nothing of the paternal anxiety, evinced throughout the whole of that reign, to promote the felicity

* Υπίερολόν τέ την τῶν Ἀθηναίων, μοχθηγὸν ἀνθεωπον, ἀγρακισμίον εἴδει δυάριων καὶ ἀξιώματος φόβον, ἀλλὰ διὰ πονηρίαν καὶ ΑΙΣΧΥΝΗΝ ΤΗΣ ΠΟΛΕΩΣ. Thucyd. Lib. viii. 73. Κλέων — ὡν καὶ οὐδὲ ἀλλα βιωτάτος τῶν πολιτικῶν, τῷ τι δημυπαρεπολὺ ἐν τῷ τότε πιθανῷ τατος. Idem, lib. iii. 36. You are acquainted with Thucydides, Mr. Satirist, and can appreciate the similarity between the demagogues in days of yore, and those of the present day.

and interests of his subjects ; nor of the virtues uniformly practised in the retirements of domestic life. *Faction* would always be ready to belie the one, and *Vice* knows not how to estimate the other.

But what must be the cold-blooded malignity of the miscreant, who, with an exulting sneer, could ask, "If we can congratulate our sovereign on being free from bodily infirmity?" who could triumph in affliction, and feel a diabolical pleasure in contemplating the cause of anguish to thousands? I dare not, Mr. Satirist, pursue this question further, as the warmth of my feelings might perhaps hurry me to expressions, which, however *becoming* in the mouth of Mr. Waithman, are little suitable to that of a *gentleman*.

I am, Mr. Satirist,
your obedient servant,

London, October 12.

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MELANCHOLY EXIT OF SAM. SPITFIRE, AUTHOR.

SIR,

Wishing to purchase "*the renowned history of Jack the giant-killer*" as a reward for my boy Dicky, who had just got through his *Quæ genus*, much to my satisfaction, I took a walk the other day to the bookseller's in New Bridge Street, conceiving that to be the most likely place to procure any thing of *the marvellous or out of the common way*. On my approach to the *knightly* mansion I was struck with the appearance of a pale emaciated figure who at sight of me, darted off with the utmost precipitation. I was a good deal surprized at the occurrence, as I could not conceive I had any thing particularly

forbidding in my aspect ; indeed my friends are pleased to compliment me with possessing a very good humoured countenance ; I must, however, confess, that I was *fashionably* dressed, so that it is not improbable the fugitive took me for a *catch-pole*. But my surprize was encreased, when a confused notion presented itself to my mind, that the face was not absolutely unknown to me. The living spectre cast, in its flight, many a wistful look behind, and observing that I did not pursue, relaxed something of its speed, and while I was engaged in my purchase, came into the shop, and presented to my view, though it was with some difficulty I recognised him, the individual countenance of my *quondam* acquaintance Sam Spitsfire, late of—college, Cambridge. But ah ! Sir, *hei mihi, qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo*, how sadly changed from that Spitsfire, who used to be the most dashing buck (it was, however, between you and me, Mr. Satirist, *upon tick*) that ever lounged upon *Clare Piece*, or strutted with *Fanny Wells* at *Pot Fair*. You see, Sir, I am speaking of fifteen or sixteen years ago. In those days we always looked upon Sam as a man of abilities, but pitied him for perverting to a bad end talents which might have conduced to his own welfare and the benefit of society at large, Sam was an oppositionist in *politics*, and a deist in *religion*. The flimsy and hundred-times-refuted sophistry of *Tindal*, *Morgan* and *Bolingbroke*, dished out and garnished by the flippancy of *Voltaire*, was a never-failing part of the *desert* at every *wine party* where Sam was a guest : and every argument adduced on the opposite side of the question was branded by Sam as engendered by bigotry, nursed by priest-craft, and maintained solely through the *esprit du corps*. In his tamer moments, when confined with the *fever*, and obliged “ to sport an *aegrotat*,” he whiled away the time by composing, what *Voltaire* calls *diatribes* for the *Cambridge Intelligencer* ; and some of the

most venomous *tirades* against *monarchy* and the *church of England*, that appeared in that paper, were the effusions of Sam's pen. I know that *Mister Flower* has laid claim to these; but I assure you, Sir, from my own knowledge, in this case he is only the "*daw in borrowed plumes*," or, to use an apter comparison, the "*ass in the lion's skin*."

I was very much struck with the altered appearance of my old *acquaintance*, I cannot say *friend*, for at Cambridge we were continually, to use one of his own expressions, *logomachizing*. He was dressed in an *orange* coloured coat, the cuffs, collar, and pocket-holes of which displayed evident symptoms of having had some *lace* ripped off from them, and a pair of red plush breeches, both twice too large for his attenuated carcase, and both incontrovertibly declaring that he was in the *livery* of the muses. His waistcoat I could not discern, as the coat was obstinately buttoned; and his shirt was too modest to protrude itself upon "*the garish eye of day*." As I was anxious to know the reason of this strange alteration in Sam's appearance, I waited till he had transacted his business with his employer, who, I observed, scowled suspiciously upon me as soon as he saw I was acquainted with Sam, and bade him follow him into his back room. The conference was not long, and Sam returned with a far greater elongation of the *maxillary processes* than he had entered with, and an indignant frown seemed inclined to settle on his brow, if Prudence, at the instigation of Penury, had not urged him to check it. I found that he had been composing some *original voyages* to the *Brazils* and *Chili*, and that the proffered remuneration was barely more than sufficient to pay for his having borrowed *Churchill's collection of voyages* from the circulating library, to be the companion of his peregrinations. To soothe his

indignation, I suggested to him that he should publish his next work by subscription, begged he would put me down for a copy, and accept my *deposit* of a guinea; intimating at the same time a wish to be informed how I came to see him in so different a situation to that in which I had formerly known him at Cambridge. "That you shall readily," replied Sam: "*sed nunc non est locus*: but if you will favour me, and *eat your mutton* with me to-morrow at No. 17, Grub Street, we will talk over old times, and I will give you a history of myself since we last met, and disclose some literary information, that may, at least, surprize, if not amuse you." This latter bribe, even if unaccompanied by the *delicious* idea of *eating mutton* in *Grub Street*! would have been sufficient of itself to induce me to accept of his invitation. Unfortunately, in both instances I was disappointed: I got no mutton, and very little information.

At four o'clock the next day, for Sam told me he in general did not dine before that hour, and I readily believed him, I went to No. 17, Grub Street, and with some little danger to myself, and a grazed shin, occasioned by my foot slipping through a hole in the stairs, which Sam afterwards assured me he had a dozen times ordered his carpenter to mend, I succeeded in getting as high as any one could get in that house, "*molles ubi redditum ova columbae*." On knocking at the door, Sam for a few moment, reconnoitred me cautiously at an aperture in the pannel, and being at length fully satisfied with my identity, desired me to walk in. As an apology for keeping me waiting, he told me he was so frequently pestered with obtrusive visitors, that unless he were cautious whom he admitted, he could not be secure of liberty to pursue his studies. He then introduced me to his family, consisting

of his wife and five children, Master Tom Paine Spitfire ; Master Benjamin Flower Spitfire ; Miss Josephine Spitfire ; Master Buonaparte Spitfire ; and a child in arms, Master Despard Horne Burdett Waithman Spitfire. Mrs. Spitfire "on hospitable thoughts intent" was busy in preparing for dinner, which was soon served up with that *Spartan simplicity* and *regard to existing circumstances* which characterize the rigid *republican* and zealous *reformer*. It consisted of a large pan of what *Sam* called soup and *bouilli*, in which a penny roll had been recommended to make the best appearance it could, by submitting to be cut into minute segments, and to swim unmolested by grosser substances, in a competent portion of pot liquor : *apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*" At bottom, in a pewter dish, which seemed to have suffered frequent mutilation to furnish dumps for Master Buonaparte, was a respectable junk of bullock's liver, copiously bedewed with onion sauce ; the *tout ensemble* forming "the most villainous complication of smells, that ever offended nostril." A sudden qualm came over me, which I endeavoured to turn off with all the *nonchalance* of which I was master, and telling *Sam* that he knew I was always a stickler for old customs, asked if he would permit me to indulge one now, and to size my dinner, as we used to do now and then at Cambridge. This proposal was received with a reluctance more feigned than real, and after submitting to a slight *philippic* against the depraved appetite of this degenerate age, I was allowed to contribute my *quota* to the entertainment, and deputed Miss Josephine to fetch three fowls and a proportionate quantity of ham from a neighbouring cook's shop, *Sam* and his family eyed them upon their appearance with peculiar complacency, and soon

evinced themselves to be, what Beaumont and Fletcher, in Bonduca, facetiously call

“square eaters!

—Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues had not eat this month, so terribly
They charg'd upon their victuals.”——

Sam had made a fair riddance of the two wings and two legs, and had stuck his fork into the merry-thought as preparatory to the demolition of the breast. But whether from long desuetude in the manducation of fowls, he had forgotten that the merry-thought contained a bone, or had formed an erroneous calculation of the dilatibility and elasticity of his *œsophagus*, he had no sooner *bolted* this last morsel than I observed him to grow black in the face; his powers of deglutition were annulled, and he evinced most decisive symptoms of strangulation. My *finger* was not long enough, and my *walking stick* not sufficiently pliable to act as a *probang*; I therefore dispatched Master Benjamin Flower Spitfire for the next surgeon: but it was too late! before his arrival Sam breathed, or rather was prevented from breathing his last. His wife—but I find, Mr. Satirist, I have already exceeded the limits of a letter, and must therefore defer to next month my account of Sam's Manuscripts, and the extracts I intended to send you. Indeed these last were the original motive that induced me to trouble you with the present communication.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your obedient servant,

Fitzroy-Square, October, 1809. EZEKIEL JACKSON.

THE MAW-MAN, HIS LAMB, AND ITS FELLOWE!

SIR,

IN common with many other individuals, I have occasionally admired your exertions in the cause of truth and propriety. No one will deny that you have sometimes successfully exposed deception, meanness, and vice; and as you are particularly indignant against literary empiricism, I presume you will not refuse insertion to the following observations:

The mutations which the Critical Review has undergone in principles, publishers, editors, and merit, since its first establishment, are numerous; yet it has always had a *sort* of character from which it has never wholly departed. Since the time of Churchill, it has been more or less conspicuous for the qualities which that poet attributed to it in the following verses:

“ Where in lethargic majesty they* reign,
And what they won by dullness still maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once,
FOOL BECKONS FOOL, AND DUNCE AWAKENS DUNCE.”

“ To “ Maw-man’s” shop the ready lies repair—
Ne’er lye was made which was not welcome there:
Thence, on maturer judgment’s anvil wrought,
The polished falsehood’s into public brought.
Quick circulating slanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in every word.”

Who will deny that Churchill had the gift of prophecy? Who will deny that the Critical Review still maintains

* The Critical Reviewers.

its undisputed claim to dullness, folly, and falsehood? Yes, there is *one* that will deny it. One? There are two, Two? There are three, viz. a *Man* with a *Maw*, distinguished, as his name implies, for his love of good eating; a *Fellowe** who *cants* without *religion*, for I appeal to his **PRIVATE LIFE**; and a *Lamb*, whose vanity is a very *ulcer* which requires to be *dispersed*. But this is mere allegory, to you, Mr. Editor, and therefore I will explain myself,

Now, can it be doubted that Mr. Maw-man, who unites in his own person the sacred functions of author, bookseller, publisher, aye, and a common councilman too, (TER, *quaterque beatus!*!) should consider with delight his own review? We all recollect the fable of the owl and her young ones, and though I would not be so ungracious as to compare a common councilman to an owl, yet the fable is in point. As an author Mr. Maw-man has proved him self the rival and antagonist of Sir Kerr Porter, Knight, of travelling notoriety. *You* do not know perhaps, Mr. Editor, that this learned bibliopolist wrote a tour! *Mirabile dictu!* But I recollect, because I bought it, and I always remember when I make a bad bargain. Sir, it is a fact that he went into Scotland, came back again, kept a journal of how much he spent, and what he ate, had his language drilled into grammar by Gillett† the printer, and absolutely had it printed. Now who is so fit to be a patron of authors as an author? Nobody, I say: and this erudite tourist became the proprietor of the Critical Review. Now to the secret, and the immediate object of this letter.

* This is vitiated orthography; but let it pass, Mr. Editor,

† It is a fact well known, that amongst other items in the bill which Mr. Gillett brought forward against Mr. Mawman, (on the trial “*Gillett v. Mawman,*”) was one of 20l. for correcting his *Tour into Scotland* of bad grammar, bad spelling,

You will, I am sure, Sir, learn with astonishment that this review is, nine months out of ten, nearly the *sole* production of a *Fellowe* (excuse my orthography,) who cannot, by any reasonable computation, read one quarter of the work he presumes to criticise. I waive, for a moment, all consideration of his capability, and look merely to the impossibility of his discharging the office he fills. In the last Number of the Critical Review, there are twenty-six different works *noticed*, for I will not prostitute the word *criticism*. These works consist of travels, novels, poetry, religion, morals, mineralogy, medicine, &c. &c. and the aggregate number of their pages amounts to several **THOUSANDS**! A moderate share of labour per month! And what is the consequence? Why, not a single work is *cut open* except at the pages whence the extract is made! A reviewer is supposed to have a good imagination, and the *Fellowe* fancies what he never read. The pompous *WE* is retained, and the public are deluded. This shameful imposition deserves to be stigmatised, and it has long been characteristical of the Critical Review; for when the Robinsons published it, *I knew one* of its reviewers, (at that time the proprietors were honourable enough to employ several hands upon it) who *never read the works he criticised!* Thus it is that the reputation of literary men is for the moment obscured, (for nothing can finally obstruct the course of real merit) and the public confidence betrayed.

But, Mr. Satirist, I have another charge to bring against the Critical Review, of last month. Its fifth ar-

&c. Mr. Mawman's counsel, on calling over the different items separately, in order to tax them, cautiously omitted the above, being, no doubt, as much convinced of the *legality* of the charge, as he was fearful of exposing his client's *stupid ignorance*, and his *total want of capacity as an author*!!!

ticle, which is a book on *Regimen in Cancerous Ulcers*, written by *Dr. Lambe*, is REVIEWED BY HIMSELF. Mind the genealogy of this work: Dr. Lambe writes the book; Mr. Maw-man publishes it: Mr. Maw-man publishes also the Critical Review; and Dr. Lambe writes a review of his own book in that very review!!! Are not these practices infamous? Are they not injurious to the cause of sound literature, and despicable in them who pursue them?

Hear how modestly Dr. Lambe speaks of himself:

“The regimen of Dr. Lambe has at least the recommendation of simplicity in its favour.”

“So much candour certainly disposes us to give a favourable ear to Dr. L.’s suggestions. His assertion on the subject of cancer is very simple and distinct.”

“Dr. Lambe’s account of this property of the cancer is very simple, and as it professes to be deduced from experiment, it certainly merits the greatest attention.”

“We cannot conclude this article without stating that the public are under considerable obligations to Dr. Lambe, &c.!”

I suppose it would not be easy to produce a similar instance of literary fraud and meanness;* and it is no unfair presumption that what has been done once, with the avowed concurrence of the proprietor of the work, has been done before, and will be done again. If I were asked to whom the greatest disgrace attaches, I should be puzzled to reply. Mr. Maw-man deserves the strongest reprobation for descending to such mean acts, but there is an excuse for him, which is to be found in the

* We have heard of similar frauds being practised even by the *Edinburgh Reviewers*.—SAT.

general habits of his pursuit; the spirit of trade is very seldom compatible with any thing that is gentlemanly or upright. For Dr. Lambe, who, as a medical practitioner, is presumed to have a good education, he is an object of mere contempt; and the *Fellowe* who admitted such an assistance in his *Unitarian* labours, may go shares with Dr. Lambe in the honour of the business.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will give insertion to this statement of FACTS, and I am sure you will concur with me in opinion that they are disgraceful to every one concerned in them.

I remain, &c.

ASPER.

Oct. 9, 1809.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES

ON A JOURNEY FROM HATTON GARDEN TO PENTONVILLE.

LETTER I.

DEAR —

AGREEABLE, my amiable and ever respected friend, to your kind and earnest intreaty, I sit down after the multiplied fatigues and interruptions of our eventful journey, to relate, as far as the traced outlines of remembrance retain their distinctness, to you all that is worthy of notice in the route that we pursued. *To you*, and the sweet companions of your fortune, whose affectionate hearts and beauteous forms still vibrate on my affections, they will afford the never-ceasing recollections of a sincere, and ardent admirer, and defender, separated from you by the

impassable barriers of lofty dead walls, and torrent flowing kennels.

On the 31st of July, at the hour of half past twelve, in that part of the day called NOON, we mounted our vehicle that consisted of two horses, and postillion, and flushed with the hope of seeing something worthy of so important an enterprize, proceeded on our journey. The luminary of this fine day had already *rose* to an incalculable height above the horizontal boundary of its outset, and rolled majestic in dazzling radiance over the heads of me, and my companion. The ethereal, and blushing tints of the gossamer morn, had now yielded to the bolder, and more lustrous splendour of the zenithed sun. In short, it was mid-day! What a scene for a painter! On one side was to be seen the picturesque arch of the Pickled Egg, rising in curvilinear proportion over the half flowing, and half interrupted course, of a channel called by the uncultivated inhabitants of these extra-urbine *purlieus*, a *gutter*; which, communicating with a reservoir from a neighbouring street, and of which the water, originally pellucid, tinged by the sanguiferous stream from an adjacent *bauffeut*, mingled with the diuretic effusions of that noble animal the inhabitant of our stables, and the glory of our courses, displayed all the various *couleurs* of the rainbow. The gates of the arch-way displayed at once the charms of ocular delight, and the gratifications of intellectual pleasure. What a tumult of sensations strove for mastery in my breast as I contemplated the typographical memorials which the itinerant ministers to miscellaneous pleasure had elevated to a conspicuous situation before me. The bill for the play announced *Cymbeline*: As I contemplated this venerable name; how exquisite thought I the voice of fame! how heavenly its strains! And may I not enjoy it? Why not? thought I. But alas,

the rotation of the wheels interrupted my reverie. On the left gate the careless hand of some youthful retainer of the fine arts had, probably, indignant at the partiality of fortune, dashed, with agitated but happy dexterity, the brilliant colours that, transferred from his brush to the pencil, might, instead of being stigmatized by the ignorant mushrooms of fortune as a daub of dirty paint, have displayed the corregiosity of Corregio, or the warmth of Salvator Rosa! Sweet sympathy! it is in thee alone to infuse into the breasts of kindred lovers of the arts, and sons of genius, the simultaneous sensations of generous admiration for genuine and unsophisticated talent. I had already clasped the unknown printer of these lovely hues to my kindred bosom; when the eye of the lady of the inn, beaming with modesty, and good-humour, gave a smile so sweet, and so beamingly overflowing with benevolence, that I could not help exclaiming, loveliest sex! that hast in thy union of bodily, and mental charms, all that we can require! sweetest soother of man's cares! accept this tribute of a feeling heart to thy pleasure-breathing virtues! As I uttered this exclamation *to myself*, I either bowed involuntarily, or she over-heard me; for we were quickly obliged to alight, and partake from the fair hand of the fascinating hostess of the mansion of that delicious liquor, the produce of our native soil, which to name would be sacrilege to the fair hostess.—But to proceed; in the back ground of this charming scene stood an object so new, that no doubt, my dear D—, a particular description will gratify you extremely. You have, no doubt, observed the calcined refuse of the coals that are burnt in our parlours, of which some that fall in the shape of chrystals are of a black, and some of a grey colour, others in white, but rather discoloured flakes, which are probably the calcined remains of

impurities that mingle with the genuine mineral; and another much finer than either of these, and of the minuteness of dust. The first is called cinders, the second slates, and the third ashes. After the first of these have been carefully raked up, the remainder, partly composed of the three materials above mentioned is separated by means of an instrument called a shovel, perforated with holes of such a size that when properly agitated to and fro, the ashes are shaken out in the form of an impalpable powder; the cinders are afterwards of great use, being employed for economical purposes as a substitute for coals, but the slate and ashes are collected in a heap, or taken away piece-meal by the dustman for manure; by the bye, the ashes are sometimes sifted through a sieve. These slates, and this impalpable powder, mingled with the stalk of the *daucus hortensis*, or garden cabbage, and of corn which has been previously saturated with the corporeal effluvia of the noble animal, to an individual of which Alexander gave the cognome appellation of *Bucephalus*, formed a pile of which the blue smoke curling in pale obscurity, presented altogether an object worthy of a Loutherbourg. Several beauteous fragments of Etruvian art, which like the fire of Prometheus, can infuse into the grossest clay all that can enchant the eye of the connoisseur, or be worthy of the delicate hand of a tender female, bestrewed in wild disorder the monuments of patient industry and civilized elegance thus presented themselves to our view. Sweet strings of domestic unison, how do you knit together the tender hearts of the gentle few that breathe the sympathetic sigh of soft humanity! We had now passed through the arch-way of the inn, and the well-known casemate, the tinted streamlets, the variegated gate, and the lofty *dunghill* (for by this name was an object so picturesque distinguished) were gliding

before our view ; when turning my eyes from the remembrance of a place where courtesy, and respect, and every thing that can sooth the affection of a mind too sensible, had attended me, my glances fell upon a large and conspicuous board, placed over the front of a mansion, which this exterior ornament pronounced to be the habitation of some princely resident, and displayed in large and observable characters the following inscription:

F. P. 5 Y. E.

You will believe, my dear D—, that the curiosity of your friend was not on this occasion unexcited. I soon discovered that the house to which it was affixed was either the residence, or the freehold of one of the English princes, (indeed, it might be the habitation of an officer, or secretary) ; and that these letters were intended to commemorate the improvements completed under his command, or perhaps its original erection. Read, therefore, as it ought to be, the inscription will plainly indicate,

Fredericus PRINCIPUS quinto Anno Edificavit.

Proceeding onward, the thoughts of this discovery cheered my drooping spirits ; too sadly depressed by our parting with the hostess ; but still greater always, dear and truly beloved friend, will be my transports when in person, those respects, so justly due to your many virtues, can be paid, with strict remembrance by your's always, most, and very truly,

CUR P—R, KT.

ECLECTIC BEGGARS.

LOATHING, as we do, from the very bottom of our souls the disgusting hypocrisy of Methodism, we always

rejoice at the failure or derangement of any of the machines by which its artful followers seek to undermine the constitution of this country. The ways by which these detestable fanatics attempt to arrive at their proposed object are ever so covert and foul, that their progress is never suspected but by those whose resolution to defend the public virtue from surprize and violation conquers their disgust, and leads them to track the skulking reptiles through all the dark windings of their hypocrisy. But they cannot be watched too narrowly; there is scarcely a single methodist who would not pursue the worst means to obtain the worst ends, and who would not estimate himself, and be estimated by his sect, as more deserving in proportion to the enormity of his treachery. The danger which this country may have to apprehend from foreign enemies or discontented factions at home, is trivial and unimportant when compared with the ruin and infamy with which the growing spirit of methodism threatens to overwhelm it. If ever this spirit be suffered to gain the vantage-ground and triumph, the British nation, that now stands so proudly pre-eminent as the freest and happiest of the nations in the most enlightened quarter of the globe, would be the most degraded and contemptible of any upon the face of the earth; since no slavery is so debasing as the slavery of the mind.

To debase the mind, however, the principal efforts of these ambitious sectaries are directed. In an age when books are accessible to all classes of society, and food for the mind is considered almost as necessary as for the body, it could not escape these crafty and unprincipled fanatics, that if they could contrive to direct the public appetite in the choice of its literary food, withholding all wholesome nourishment, and pampering it with what had been cooked up in their own way, and mixed with the slow

poison of their deleterious stimulants ; if they could do this, they knew that having once vitiated the taste, they should ever after be able to controul it, and render it subservient to their purposes. With this intention they projected a work which they call the ECLECTIC REVIEW. Nothing could be fairer than the promises with which they set out ; it was almost impossible to suspect that methodism lurked under so plausible an outside. They stated their plan to be new, and adapted to general utility. They professed themselves " free from the influence of party spirit," observing at the same time that "if contaminated by interested motives, works of periodical criticism become baneful in proportion to the talents of the conductors, and to the extent of their circulation." We are ready to admit that if the effects of the Eclectic Review are to be estimated by the rule here laid down, they cannot have been baneful to any alarming degree : but it is the intent, and not the actual commission which constitutes criminality : if criminals were not generally greater fools than knaves, there would be little work for our judges. But they went farther than this, and made what they termed "an *unequivocal avowal* of the sentiments which their work was designed to inculcate : without hesitation they declared, that while they venerated, in all, the rights of private conscience, they were *themselves cordially attached to the doctrines of Christianity, as expressed in the Articles of the Church of England* ; that this ground had not been chosen by them without the most serious enquiry, and mature deliberation ; that they were satisfied it was tenable against every attack, and were resolved stedfastly, but temperately to maintain it, from whatever quarter it might be assailed." They had fully ascertained, they said, "that a work of this description had been long and ardently desired ; and they

professed to have established a correspondence with persons of eminence, learning, and character, in several foreign countries."

In what did all these professions and promises end? The work appeared; every page was full of the cant and hypocrisy and partiality of methodism; and each successive number was more disgusting than those which had preceded it. The public treated it with contemptuous neglect; those who were not methodists despised the conductors for the impudent trick which they had attempted to pass on them, and the saints themselves, puffed up by their own self-sufficiency, thought the trick unnecessary, and therefore withheld all encouragement. So that in the third year from the commencement of this work, "so long and ardently desired," the conductors found it necessary to come forward as public beggars to solicit support; and at the same time found it convenient to throw off the mask which they had hitherto worn, and to retract the "*unequivocal falsehoods*" which they had before told. The petition of these "**ECLECTIC BEGGARS**," signed by the followers of Westley and of Whitfield, and other non-descript saints, and distributed in every quarter of the British dominions, is unequalled in the records of mendicity or jesuitism. The unblushing confidence with which they refer to their former professions, and the utter disregard which they evince for them is astonishing: it should seem that feeling now that they must rely for support entirely on the methodists, they are determined to conciliate their regard by proving themselves as unprincipled as could be desired by the most *serious* among the saints.

The Eclectic Beggars commence their petition by observing, that it will "probably surprize many among the friends of genuine christianity, that they should be obliged

to solicit support, and may be justly regretted by all;" that is, by all who are not friends of genuine christianity; though we really are at a loss to comprehend how it is of the least importance to Jew or infidel whether the Eclectic reviewers turn beggars or not. They next deplore the many evils and abominations which "have long been concentrated in some of the most popular reviews," and which have polluted every similar publication, and infected British literature in general; so as to accelerate its decline among *pious people*, who have even doubted whether learning, "if indeed compatible with genuine christianity, were not dangerous to its progress." But they had hoped that by their review "*the zeal of serious christians* might be enlightened, directed, and perpetuated;" and for this purpose they had formed an "union of *all the intellectual accomplishments*, which still subsisted in connection with *genuine piety*:" for it was "to a *selection of pious* and able *writers* from *various denominations* of christians that the title of the **ECLECTIC** Review *alluded*!!!"

What an impudent, paltry, shuffling, methodistical evasion! Is it possible to make such reptiles feel the least touch of shame? What, when they had *unequivocally avowed* themselves "to be *cordially attached* to the *doctrines* of the church of England," which "they were *resolved* to maintain against every attack;" when they had said that it was the plan of their work to "select those departments of literature which are most generally interesting and instructive," and that *therefore* they had called it "**ECLECTIC**;" could it have been imagined possible that they should "venture to come forward and say that from the very commencement of the work it had been supported by men whose *religious sentiments were various*, and that in fact "the most valuable articles

in the review had been contributed by gentlemen of *four different denominations*, nearly in an equal proportion?" And then the paltry quirk about the allusion of the title **ECLECTIC**, which would have disgraced the vilest pettifogger that ever practised in the lowest courts of justice, and which any but a methodist pettifogger would have blushed to use! What should we say to such men? A new language must be invented to express with sufficient force the contempt which such shameless dereliction of all honourable principle must excite.

But let us hear what these Eclectic Beggars have further to say of themselves. To ingratiate themselves with their own sect, they have freely avowed that their review was intended as an engine, for the conversion of the public to methodism. They have said they had two objects in view: to instruct those who were unacquainted with the *genuine and peculiar principles of christianity, 'divested of offensive appendages,'* and to obtain the support of those who profess to embrace them. But they add, they ought to have known that such an attempt could scarcely succeed, because those that they wished to convert, were too fond of the amusements of the world to listen to them, and they, whose support they wanted, could not be aware of the existence of their work, since "there are few among the multitudes of *serious christians in England*, who read any thing beside the invaluable records of divine revelation, and perhaps some religious tracts."

Insolent bigots! Is it to be tolerated that such miserable, lank-eared, croaking reptiles as these, are to insult an enlightened public, by telling them that all are in danger of hell, who read any thing but the bible, or their review! And what is their review? They will answer that themselves. "Whether numerous proofs," say they, "of a partial and mercenary bias are not obvious in most other periodical publica-

tions, and whether their literary execution is not generally equalled, and *frequently surpassed*, by that of the Eclectic Review, they willingly submit to the decision of well-qualified and disinterested judges." The modesty of a mountebank is proverbial, but the modesty of a mountebank is nothing to the modesty of a methodist; the mountebank only puffs his nostrums to sell them, but the methodist is not content with selling his nauseous quackeries, he must see them swallowed, and feast his eyes with their poisonou_s and mortal effects. The conclusion of the address of these bragging beggars may serve as a model for a pill-monger, or blacking-ball patentee.

"A review," say they, speaking of their own, "combining the advantages of *genuine religion*, and *sound literature* has been planned, and supported hitherto, at greater labour and expense than could be conceived without the experience; it is published at a cheaper rate than any other review; and you are *only* requested to contribute to its circulation. The whole sacrifice requisite is less than *sixpence a week*! And how can two shillings every *calendar month* (*calendar month*! there's the distinction! What close calculation!) be *better applied*, than in procuring a work, which abounds with general remarks on topics of the highest moral importance, and is the result of *extensive knowledge, mature observation, and long experience*? One copy indeed may at present be read by ten or twenty persons at a proportionally smaller expence; and we wish its contents to be useful at the cheapest possible rate: but we request members of reading societies to reflect, that the only way by which they can insure the *continuance* of the publication, is by purchasing it *individually*; and we hope this warning will not be in vain, to any one who is anxious to *preserve religion from declension and disgrace*!"

To their partizans they say, "you know by comparison and experience that its contents are not, generally, of that trifling, trite, and transitory nature, which is the attraction of most other periodical publications! Of you, we have only to request the employment of your friendly offices with other individuals in its behalf, that the cause of religious truth may be preserved from degradation, and its *genuine* professors" (*genuine* again! these fellows are always full of *genuine* spirits) "from reproach, by the complete establishment of a work that is devoted to their interests. We would take the liberty to urge, especially on the *ministers* of the gospel, (here is the true conventional slang,) whether *within or without the pale of the established church*, the propriety of *promoting the sale* of the Eclectic Review among their respective congregations: for we are not aware of one solid reason, why a *zealous minister* of any denomination of christians, should be either afraid, ashamed, or averse, to recommend a publication of such a description!"

We are positively weary of these fellows: we are glad that their own folly and presumption save us the trouble of exposing them to ridicule; no ingenuity of caricature could place them in so contemptible a point of view as they have placed themselves. And to fail after all their boasts! to have their heavy dregs still lying on their own hands, growing musty and mouldy, while persons turn up their nose in disgust at them! 'Tis mortifying enough, and to the pride of methodism must be intolerable. The young saintly lawyer, who conducts the work, had done more wisely, had he continued to brew beer with his father for the *Dunstable company*, instead of brewing methodistical trash, which no one will buy or swallow: had he done so, perhaps a double failure might have been prevented. We would advise too the Clarkes, and the Fosters, and the

Halls, and the Hughes's, and the Claytons, to confine themselves in future to their own conventicles; there they pass for *fine* men, with *great* and *goodly* *gifts*! To be sure they will lose the opportunity of praising one another, but then their obscurity will shield them from the general contempt and ridicule to which their *self-sufficiency* has now exposed them.

ESQUIRES.

MR. SATIRIST,

As you mayn't know me perhaps, though as the saying is, there's a many that knows Tom Fool, that Tom Fool knows nothing of, I will tell you first why I write this here letter to you, and then what it is about; which in my mind is all fair between strangers as we are. You must know then that my son Bobby—but I should tell you first though, that he has had the very best of educations that could be had for money at the Hoxton academy, and a deal he has cost me unbeknown to his papa, for extra lessons in dancing and French and so forth; not that I begrudge it, as he took to all his learning so kindly, for he had always fine natural parts, and is very much admired by all the genteest ladies at the Hoxton assembly, and I may venture to say that he knows how things are going on in the fashionable world, as he calls it, as well as any between Aldgate and Temple-bar,—so he has often mentioned you to me and his sister Miss Lavinia Dip, my daughter, and has sometimes brought you home to us. He says he thinks you are up to every thing, but Lavinia

objects to your *Dublin tenders*, (I think she calls them) though I found one morning she had taken you to bed with her, when Bobby said you was rather too smutty—but, dear me, I am going from the point.

You have several times talked about different sorts of **SQUIRES**, and so to be sure you know all about them there matters: and now that is the very thing I want to consult you about. I assure you, it is a matter that I have very much at heart, and I take you for a discreet man, or I would not let you into my secrets; for my husband has such queer unfashionable notions that he might not like it. Since we first set up business in Brick-lane, every tradesman we dealt with has grown into a squire, except those that have been made knights of; and, as Bobby says, every one of them has bought or stole a *coat*; though for the matter of that I don't remember the time when any of them had not a decent coat enough to put on, at least of a Sunday, so I don't know what Bobby means by that; but he will have his joke. Well, as I did not see no reason why we should be holding our heads lower than other folks, and as Mr. Dip did not go the way to be made a knight of, I thought I would make him a squire. So I persuaded him, after a great deal of coaxing and what not, to take this here villa at Hoxton, where we might appear something like. I soon took care that the tradespeople should know how to comport themselves, and the very first green-grocer's bill that was brought in, was made out for *Daniel Dip, Esquire*. 'Twas really quite charming to hear the sound of it; and I could not help saying it over and over again to myself a hundred times. But now, Sir, would you believe it? When the green-grocer came for his money, my husband refused to pay the bill: he said he knew no such person as *Daniel Dip, Esquire*; that he was plain *Daniel Dip, tallow-chandler*,

and if he owed any thing he was ready to pay it, which was the best proof he could give that he was no squire. Nor squire we can't make him, do what we will. I am sure, I have never let him rest at bed nor board about it, but there's no turning him when he is once set on a thing. For all that Bobby could say there was no persuading him to have a set of arms painted on our gig ; he said, if he did have any, his crest should be a keech of tallow, and a candle lit at both ends. He told us he had once seen a nobleman's arms which was a small-tooth-comb, and that had given him a sickener of arms, though no doubt the nobleman's ancestors had found the comb useful enough : but for his part he had no fancy for such knick-knacks. Now what are we to do in this case, Sir ? Tis very hard, you must allow, upon Bobby, and puts his spirit down so, you can't think. Why, do you know, one day when he was going to the opera with some very elegant ladies from Whitechapel, the daughters of one of the squire butcher's, he had ordered home a opera hat, and a very smart one it was, and became him charmingly, for I went with him to chuse it. Well, Sir, he gave his card of direction to our villa here at Hoxton, and the shopman, who was a very genteel young man, I must say, directed the hat in course to *Robert Dip, Esquire.* He did not send it home directly, or else all would have been right ; but just when Bobby was full dressed, and ready to set off, home came the hat ; and as ill-luck would have it, my husband was at the door when it was brought. Well, would you think it, Sir ? If he did not swear there was no such person as *Robert Dip, Esquire,* lived there, and downright stood me out in it, and sent the hat back again. He is to be sure the most obstinate peremptory creature ; I thought I should have cried my eyes out with vexation, and that Bobby

would have broke his heart ; for he was obliged to disappoint the ladies, or else he must have gone in a nasty vulgar round hat, which would never do. But even this, bad as it is, is not the worst. There is Miss Diana Stitch, a very accomplished young lady, whose father is an eminent tailor in Spital-fields, and has a most beautiful cottage at Hackney, with a Miranda front, and Yawning, and all that ; well she has confessed to my Lavinia that she has a *pinch aunt*, as she calls it, for my Bobby, and I can't say but I wish it was a match, for she is quite the fashionable lady, and would do us credit. There have been several *belly-does* between them I know ; and she always does write upon such beautiful little paper, with such pretty coloured edges, and little naked Cupids, and Venusses, and darts, and roses, and all that stamped upon it, that shows she is quite the thing. Well do you know if my husband did not happen to take in one of these *belly-does*, and was brute enough to send it back again, because it was directed to Robert Dip, Esquire ! Was any thing ever so provoking ? I don't know how 'twill end, for we have not set eyes on Miss Diana since ; but I have often heard her say that her father and brothers always sink the tailor the moment that they get off the shopboard, and that every body that writes to them, always directs *Esquire* : and I am sure she has too much proper pride to demean herself by marrying below her. So how Bobby and she will settle their matters I am sure I don't know : he takes it sadly to heart ; there has been no *belly-does* since between them in course.

Now, Sir, I want you to be so good as to tell me what to do in this business. I have heard that when his majesty made two lords not long ago, he was obliged to make them gentlemen first. Now, Sir, could not something of this sort be done for my Bobby. If it would not cost too

much, I would have him made a knight ; but any how you will please to inform me how he can be an *Esquire*, while his father chuses to remain a tallow-chandler.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

DEBORAH DIP.

Candle-wick Villa, Hoxton.

I knew Mama was writing to you, Sir, so I have opened her letter to ask when you mean to treat us with another **LOVE FEAST** ; I assure you I and the young ladies of my acquaintance were quite charmed with it. **LAVINIA.**

We must beg leave to refer Mrs. Dip and her Bobby to the heralds, and to turn over Miss Lavinia for complete satisfaction to the saints. **SAT.**

THE POETICAL SAINT.

MR. SATIRIST,

In singling out from among the elect, as you have constantly done, for your more particular consideration, the Rev. W. Huntington, S. S. you have only paid a just attention to the super-eminent merits of that most chosen of chosen vessels : but while you have considered him as the *Banker's clerk*, the comforter of the widow, the writer of great good stories, and the coal-heaving saint, it has astonished me that you overlooked his talents as a poet. This is the more extraordinary, as he is undoubtedly a poet of no common order ; nor would it be easy to find any thing in ancient or modern poetry, which, either for invention, sentiment, diction, or versification, could be put in

comparison with his compositions. It is really wonderful how the beauties of the SHUNAMITE, or the merits of SPIRITUAL BIRTH can have escaped you: at some future opportunity, I must beg leave to introduce them to your notice, but at present I would direct your attention to the poetical wonders of the SPIRITUAL SEA VOYAGE*.

But before we enter on the poem, we will hear what the Sinner Saved has to say of it. "I am very fond of visiting," says he to the reader; "and I must inform them that I have lately paid several visits from the press. After God had stripped me of all confidence in the flesh, I paid a visit to the public in the shape of a 'Skeleton.' When he brought me forth from a heavy persecution *more than conqueror*, I paid another visit in arms, called "The Naked Bow of God." When kind providence began to appear conspicuous, then I *gossipped about* the country in "The Bank of Faith." When my family increased, and my circumstances were bettered, I *gadded about* with my "Last Will and Testament." Now as times get better and better, I am come to pay a visit on board a ship. I have been promoted so fast, that in less than eight years, I have ascended from the servile slavery of *coal-heaving* on board a barge to the dignity of *flag officer* in a man of war. Thus my reader may see how we *clergy* get up in the world. But *kissing goes by favour*, favour precedes choice, both favour and choice are the result of *sovereign love.*" *PREFACE*, p. iii.

Here, Sir, is a candid and direct confession of the means of the promotion of the writer, and a convincing proof of the truth of what you have ever asserted of the *loves*

* See 4th Edit. corrected, Svo. 1s. Sold at Providence Chapel on Monday and Wednesday evenings, and at Monkwell-street Meeting on Tuesday evenings, &c. &c. London. 1803.

of the Saints. The coal-heaver has *kissed* his way to a good snug thing at last, though it is likely he has worked hard for it. Talking of kissing, he adds that some of his friends desired him to write a *key* to the poem; but he found the key would be bigger than the lock, if it was to be notched and cut so as to fit *every* ward: besides the *key* would be the ready way to let the *carnal* critics come on board, who would do more mischief than enough. So he was e'en resolved to let those understand it, that could: but concludes with advising his reader to observe the *milky way*, and sail as far as possible from the *dragon's tail*!!!

Since then the saintly author has thought proper to lock up the design and meaning of his poem from carnal knowledge, I shall not attempt so vain a thing as to pry into his secrets; though I can scarcely take any merit to myself for modesty on this account, since I must confess that his work certainly possesses one attribute of the sublime, it is absolutely incomprehensible. The poem opens with great spirit; the writer is the *hero* of his own tale, and he therefore very properly takes care in the very first stanza, to impress the reader with a just idea of his importance. He states that being *ordained* to embark on board a certain vessel

“ Which was launched at Eden to traverse the sea,
And came into harbour on *purpose for me* ;” p. 11.

He enters joyfully, and expresses his admiration in the following elegant lines :

“ I climbed aloft, and I rummag'd below,
And found her well finish'd from *buttock to bow*.” p. 12.

“ Her pennant is glory, which always is up,
And joy is her spindle, assurance her poop.” p. 14.

The poetical saint is soon stripped naked, and being found fitting to commune with the elect, is put upon active service. He now earns a new suit, which he describes in very splendid diction. The reader, who knows the story of the *leather breeches*,* &c. will guess how he comes by them ; but indeed he owns that they are given to him by a lady :

“ Bestow’d as a favour both free and complete,
And it cost her much labour to make it so neat.” p. 14.

“ This never wears out, tho’ ‘tis always in use !
It covers throughout, and it comes to my shoes !
I came to the light, and I saw I was clean,
My linen was white, and my hammock was green.
Thus fitted by grace with apparel to wear,
Bedeck’d with a chain, and a ring in my ear.” p. 15.

If the reader should wonder at the bounty of any one, who should bestow such gorgeous apparel, and such trinkets, he will remember what the poet has said in his preface ; that “ *kissing goes by favour*,” &c. &c. He represents himself as being directed at great length in the course which he is to pursue, in return for these presents. It is not perhaps very easy to say what is the precise meaning of the following passage :

“ I’ll instruct thee in peace, and I’ll teach thee in fight,
I’ll instruct thee by *feeling* as well as by *sight* ;
In the coldest of climates thy *sun* shall *arise*,
And the sweet *milky way* shall be plain in the skies !” p. 23.

And then the saint exclaims with all the fervor and enthusiasm of a true poet, rapt and inspired,

* See BANK OF FAITH, and SATIRIST, VOL. II. p. 337.

"I'll toss her aloft, and I'll sink her below,
Till I dash her in shivers from buttock to bow!" p. 35.

He avows that he is ' bound for *Flesh island*,' p. 61, and
that

"The sweet milky way is direct in the course." p. 63.

Continuing his beautiful allegory, he says,

"Her compass is called—The whole Duty of Man," p. 33.

and of his companions

"The compass itself is engraved on their mind
And each point is felt as a motion divine;
'Tis box'd by *sensation*, yea every point,
They steer with precaution, and veer by a hint." p. 28.

And then again in grateful admiration, he exclaims,

"Thrice blessed be Love, that launch'd her at first,
That rigg'd her, and stored her on purpose for us!
Her rigging's divine, and divine is her hull,
I wish that this vessel was *mann'd* to the full!" p. 18.

This diffidence of his own powers is very amiable and very extraordinary in a saint of such distinguished merit. He thinks it necessary, however, to caution his *elect* associates in the labour of love to be temperate in their pleasures. His remonstrance on this subject is remarkably dignified, and the consequences of intemperance are set forth in the most striking light, and depicted with great strength and propriety of language.

"Have you nothing to do but be drinking of grog?
Your joy will be balanced by *heaving the log*.
You'll soon get the flux, if you tipple so fast,
Or fall overboard, and be drowned at last." p. 16.

Not, indeed, that he objects to the p'leasures of the table on fit occasions. He celebrates the joys of wine, with all the animation and devotion of an ancient Bacchanal. Is there any thing in Anacreon like the following passage ?

“ Provisions were plenty, with excellent wine,
Which drowned all sorrow, and cheered the mind ;
Each sailor that tasted this blood of the grape,
He wished he never might sail from the Cape.

“ And many young sailors were taken on board
During all the time that we lay in the road.
They received their bounty, and two month's advance,
Which made all the sailors just ready to dance.” P. 42.

again;

“ We tipped the wine, and we boozed the grog,
And balanced affairs in the book of the log.” P. 58.

“ And sung with delight of the joys of the Cape,
And ended each verse with the blood of the grape.” P. 55.

So that it is plain that the saints can be jovial enough, when they are alone, and that they are as frisky as their carnal neighbours when they are *filled with the spirit*.

In the following stanza it is really impossible not to admire the exquisite propriety of the appellations given to the several personages introduced, marking as they do their characters, with such a delicacy of allusion ; a circumstance, which, as appears from the present instance, adds so much to the grace of poetry.

“ Now old Mr. Covet to plunder began,
But good Mr. Liberal cut off his hand ;
And old Daddy Wanton expected a prize,
But Chastity gave him a wound in the eyes.” P. 47.

If any emendation might be offered in a work of such perfection, perhaps the last line might be improved by altering it thus :

" But Chastity gave him a pair of black eyes."

But it is dangerous to attempt partial alterations in such a poem, as by so doing the general symmetry might be defaced. It is time, indeed, that I should draw my observations to a conclusion ; and yet I am tempted to indulge in one or two more remarks. The poem will be found to abound in moral reflections, as admirable for their profundity as for the sententious brevity with which they are expressed. Of this the following couplet is not an unfavourable example :

" We took it for granted each sailor must die,

Nor need I assign any reason for why."

p. 68.

From the numerous extracts already made, a very adequate idea will have been formed of the unbending dignity of the poet's language ; but the two following specimens of poetical diction are of such extraordinary merit, that it would be the height of injustice to pass them over without notice.

" Some cried, ' she's a *corkhill*,' and others ' *avast !*' " p. 37.

" At the sight of th' irruption the sailors were *flat*,

For fear on a sudden of *falling in that*." p. 59.

Nor will it have been unobserved, that the saintly poet has, with a truly religious horror of the *monkish* invention of rhyming, shewn his utter contempt of all the rhyming copulatives, to which carnal writers have restrained themselves. But to free him from the least suspicion of the *popish* abomination of rhyming, if the instances already adduced were not enough, after reading the two

specimens subjoined, the most anti-papal saint would not think of damning him for a rhymer.

"No vessel beside her is fit for the voyage
Nor could be contrived to weather a siege." p. 71.

"He ne'er had encounter'd the blasts of Boreas,
The trips he had made were with paddles or oars." p. 51.

And now, Mr. Satirist, leaving you to digest at your leisure these choice scraps of *divine poetry*, and to the reproaches of your own conscience for having so long neglected to point out their beauties,

I remain, &c. &c.

your old friend,

THAUMASO SCRUTINY.

JUBILEE NEWS.

PARTICIPATING, as we have done most heartily, the general happiness which the Jubilee has diffused throughout the British dominions, we have been industrious to collect from all quarters every circumstance relating to its celebration, and without further preface shall submit to our readers the result of our enquiries; premising only that we purposely omit to give any account of the public feasts, and triumphs, and illuminations, and fire-works, which have already been described in the newspapers, confining ourselves to such facts as have not yet been made known, and relating them in the same order and manner in which they have been communicated to us. So

much we think it necessary to state, to account for the want of connection and variety of style which will be readily perceived in the anecdotes.

It having been resolved by the worthy citizens of — to distinguish the festival of the Jubilee from all others by a most extraordinary demonstration of temperance, it was agreed to restrict every member of the corporation to an allowance not exceeding two quarts of turtle soup, three pounds of venison, half a goose, and six bottles of wine each, but every member to be allowed in addition to this, as much roast beef, plum pudding, and porter as he should think fit; a small exception, however, was made in favour of the Aldermen. And so unanimous were the worthy citizens in the observance of these temperate regulations, that not one *particular* instance of excess occurred.

The skill and liberality of the gentlemen of the medical profession on this occasion are entitled to much praise. With a laudable desire that their patients should partake in the general festivities, they directed that for two days preceding the Jubilee they should take no physic, and the consequent heartiness of their digestion, and exuberance of their spirits, sufficiently proved the wisdom of the prescription.

It is said that a very numerous body of patriotic ladies, who are not converts to the system of Mr. Malthus,* of their own free will, and from the pure benevolence of their disposition, took effectual measures during the absence of their husbands at the city feasts to—but we forbear to enter into particulars, as we have reason to believe that what has been thus conceived for the benefit of the country at large, cannot be brought to perfection, nor

* See Essays on Population.

produced with good effect in less than three quarters of a year, and that any attempt to hasten the business would only prove abortive.

It has been reported to us that as Mr. Waithman, who had piously resolved to keep the Jubilee as a solemn fast, was eating some salt fish, a very *pointed* bone unfortunately stuck in his throat. The orator was for some time in great agony; when being advised to swallow something large and light, a friend by accident rolled up part of one of his speeches into a solid pellet, which at once removed the bone. A Chronicle punster observed, aside, as the actors say, that it was the first time that any thing *pointed* had ever found its way into one of Mr. Waithman's speeches.

Three knights who had met together at a house not far from Mr. Waithman's, could not readily agree as to the properest mode of celebration. Sir Richard, who is no feaster, wished much for a bon-fire, which he said was a good comfortable thing, and he was very warm in its praise. Sir John had composed an ode, which he had called the "Stranger at the Jubilee," and as he had set it to an Irish tune, he was very desirous of singing it; but Sir Robert represented very strenuously the superior effect which would be produced by a discharge of *cow-bladders*, as he had seen practised at Moscow, when invited by the Countess Orloff on her birth-day, the particulars of which he had described in his travels. They settled the dispute, however, at length, by agreeing to sing an extempore trio in their own praise, to the tune of "We be poor soldiers three." Of this invaluable production we regret that we have been able to obtain only the following stanzas:

ALL THREE.—We be fine merry knights three,
Not far nor near our like you'll see,

And by our works, well known we be—
Who laughs?—Laugh those that win, say we.

SIR RICHARD.—Through fire I'd go again for ye,
Nor fear by water drown'd to be,
For we will hang together all three,
And all for the good of our country.

ALL THREE.—We be fine merry knights three, &c. &c.

SIR ROBERT.—A painter incog, I to Russia took flight,
They could not *make me out*, so they *made me*
a knight.
Of kings, princes, and queens, I was all the de-
light,—
And 'tis fine to travel, fine stories to write.

ALL THREE.—We be fine merry knights three, &c. &c.

SIR JOHN.—I've been a **STRANGER** near and far,
By prose and verse I gained my **STAR**;
And 'tis hard to say which better are,
The verses or prose of Sir John C—

ALL THREE.—We be fine merry knights three, &c. &c.

SIR RICHARD.—Nor beast nor rogue has foe in me,
So boundless is my clemency,
They ever share my sympathy—
Sing aye my glorious Shrievalty.

ALL THREE.—We be fine merry knights three, &c. &c.

It has been asserted that the honourable society of cuckolds had determined to evince their loyalty by dining together on this joyful occasion, but that after a very liberal subscription had been made for that purpose, the idea was given up from the absolute impossibility of finding any room large enough to contain the company.

Westminster-Hall, the largest room in Europe, was measured, but upon a moderate calculation was found insufficient to contain even the cornuted inhabitants in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

His Grace of —— celebrated the happy day in a manner peculiarly characteristic of his taste. In allusion to the number of years, which the year of Jubilee will complete, he had selected fifty of his favorite nymphs, and had taken infinite pains to instruct them in all the movements and figure of the ancient phallic dance ; and on the evening of the jubilee, after refreshing himself with his accustomed lacteal bath, saw them go through the performance in all the elegant nudity of Grecian Bacchantes, and was much pleased with their perfect execution. His grace had invited a select party of friends, who were delighted with the classical entertainment. Lord E——ne was expected to have attended, but sent his excuses from his private box at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Mister Cobbet sickened at the sight of the general happiness : but recovered upon being reminded of the general orders issued by the Commander in Chief, pardoning all *Deserters*. It was observed that he was rather silent all the day, and did not tell more lies than he swore oaths ; and swore not above one oath in a sentence.

Squire Sedley and *Tom Hague*, the informer, had hash'd up a high seasoned dish of scandal for the occasion, and set down to the mess piping-hot in a garret in Hanway-yard : but having fasted a long time, they fell to so ravenously, that they scalded themselves in such a dreadful manner, as to leave little hopes of their ever recovering the use of their tongues. They had invited their friend *Peter the Wild Boy* to partake their entertainment, but he was enjoying by himself a little treat, which he brought from the Scheldt, and was amusing himself with studying, prepa-

tatory to a complete course of swindling, the account which he *forgot* to settle with his Walcheren lady.

The Saints have been very active in their labours of love on the occasion, and there is no doubt that their efforts for the furtherance of the New Birth will in due season produce very goodly fruit.

It has been asserted, we know not on what authority, that several authors *dined* on this day of general festivity. We do not undertake to vouch for the truth of the report.

We have not heard of any particular accident, or loss which disturbed the scene of universal joy. It is said, indeed, that a few ladies lost each a trinket, or something, as they believe in the private boxes of Covent Garden theatre; but they have very wisely refrained from advertising their loss, as no instance ever occurred of the recovery of such a trinket, after it was once lost.

THEATRICAL PRIVACIES.

MR. SATIRIST,

Although you have been dreadfully cruel to the ladies of high life, who have followed my profession, I am convinced that your humanity will induce you to listen with attention to the relation of my misfortunes.

At the age of fifteen I attracted the notice of an Irish peer, who first saw me at work in a milliner's shop near Piccadilly. My father was a reputable apothecary in a country village, but dying suddenly he left me little else than a good education, and a small collection of jewels,

which my mother on her death-bed, had requested him to preserve for me. A distant relation sent me to London and recommended me to the lady with whom I resided, when Lord —— discovered me, and marked me for his victim. To detail the artifices which were practised to effect my ruin would be useless,—I was young, vain, and volatile,—he was handsome, liberal, and unprincipled. Like Edward B——e he gloried in polluting innocence, and was more ambitious of being thought a man of gallantry than a man of honour. I imprudently consented to walk with him one Sunday evening, and he conducted me to an infamous house in Chandos-Street, called "*the Key*," where he told me we should have some excellent coffee.—Alas, Sir, how many thoughtless victims are yearly sacrificed at that accursed temple of debauchery?

Having rather by force than persuasion effected his villainous purpose, he unexpectedly left me, without even paying the expences of the house, which I was obliged to defray. Having been absent the whole night I dared not return to my mistress, who was a woman of the strictest moral principles.—In short, Sir, my transition from *the Key* to the *Lock* was very rapid, and I am now one of those miserable wretches who exist by promiscuous prostitution.

All political economists agree that war is very injurious to trade; but, Sir, the prices of most articles of merchandise are much higher in war than in peace, and thus the largeness of the profits in some degree compensates the merchant for the restrictions which are imposed on his speculations, and for his seclusion from foreign markets. How different is it with us! While the consumption of all other necessaries is considerably increased, the demand for us is most grievously diminished; for war deprives us of the principal part of our consumers, and it is notorious that we are not in the list of stores which are exported for

the use of our armies. Whether it be prudent that our gallant soldiers should in this respect be supplied with a foreign article, I leave Mr. Windham and other speculative politicians to determine; but while we are in this ruinous predicament, while we have no *communication* with *the continent*, is it not abominable that a contraband trade should be encouraged at home, and fit warehouses for smuggled fornication, erected even in our principal mart? I allude, Sir, to the *private rooms* at the back of the private boxes in Covent Garden theatre.

You will, however, please to observe, that I by no means intend to insinuate that these conveniences were originally intended for the purposes to which they will infallibly be converted. On the contrary, I dare say, Messrs. Kemble, Smirke, and Co. in the innocence of their hearts, imagined that they would only be used as receptacles for hats, great coats, pelisses, muffs, and other male and female appendages.

We are not by any means the only description of persons who will suffer by these superfluous erections: the gentlemen of the long robe will be materially injured; for *crim cons* may now be carried on *before the curtain* without the least chance of detection either through the treachery of confidential servants or the impertinent intrusion of officious landladies.*

I delight in all theatrical amusements, and would not on any account wish the managers to curtail their own lawful profits to increase ours, but surely the abolition of these objectionable accommodations would be a mutual benefit; for although the Marchioness of ——, Mrs. P.,

* Had these convenient retreats for private professors existed last year, Lord Sackville might have enjoyed the society of his friend's wife unmolested by Mrs. Bell of the White Hart Inn.

Mrs. M., and a few other *private professors* may occasionally exhibit their unblushing countenances therein, no woman of modesty and virtue will ever visit the private boxes unless under the protection of a brother or a husband.

You will, I am sure, excuse me, Mr. Satirist, for not affixing my real name, and for signing myself

Your obedient servant,

THE SMALLEST GOLD COIN CURRENT
IN BRITAIN.

Howland-Street, Oct. 19, 1809.

FACTS AND QUERIES.

J. C. WORTHINGTON.

1. IN a paltry publication called *Cobbett's Political Register*,* which to the disgrace of Englishmen, had last year a considerable circulation, there is a letter signed "J. C. Worthington," which hails the late duel between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, as the harbinger of better times—for the disaffected. Who this *J. C. Worthington* is we cannot tell, but from the date and conclusion of his curious epistle we learn that he resides at a *cottage* in Southampton, and that he has been, and "remains sincerely, WILLIAM COBBETT's!" meaning, we presume, that he is sold and devoted to that atrocious DESERTER, who, instigated by diabolical revenge, falsely accused a fellow creature of crimes at which *human nature revolts*!

QUERY.—Does any respectable inhabitant of Southamp-

* Of October 21st, 1809.

ton condescend to associate with this *J. C. Worthington*, or is he universally shunned by honor and honesty like his dear friend *William Cobbett*?

MR. CANNING'S STATEMENT.

2. The paper purporting to be Mr. Canning's *statement* of the cause and consequences of the dispute between him and Lord Castlereagh, which was handed about among his friends, and kidnapped into the **MORNING CHRONICLE**, was written and published without his knowledge or sanction.*

QUERY.—Is it usual or *honorable* to appeal to the public after having settled a dispute in the field?

GWILLIM LLOYD WARDLE.

3. The proceedings on the indictment which this redoubted patriot has preferred against his late accomplice Mrs. Clarke, and the Messrs. Wrights, have been removed at the instance of the defendants into the *King's Bench*, and will be tried at the sittings after the approaching term. Whatever objection Mr. Wardle may have to the *constitution* and government, he has certainly proved himself a great friend to the *laws* and *lawyers* of his country, for before he preferred this indictment, he filed a bill in Chancery, against Francis Wright; the answer to which will doubtless be much more satisfactory to his enemies than to his friends: for Mr. Wright therein most UN-EQUIVOCALLY CONFIRMS UPON HIS OATH the evidence

* Cobbett in his Register of October 28th, comments upon this paper as the genuine production of Mr. Canning.—Poor mistaken idiot!

given by his brother and Mrs. Clarke in Westminster hall, which as he was *artfully* included in the indictment, he could not otherwise have done. We understand that the patriot also intends to bring actions against the authors and printers of divers publications for libels on *his character*!!!—What a profitable client!!!

QUERY. Which will suffer most by his impending law-suits, his property or his reputation?

MISS TAYLOR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

4. It is a positive fact, that Cobbett actually refuses to pay the balance of her subscription to Miss Taylor. She and her sister were recently much distressed for money to pay their expences at a watering-place, which they were absolutely prevented from quitting in consequence of their poverty: They wrote repeatedly for cash to the banker, who “kindly consented to receive the donations of her subscribers;”* but he would neither send them a supply nor answer their letter.

QUERY. Is the money retained *in terrorem*, to prevent Miss Taylor from becoming an evidence for Mrs. Clarke and the Messrs. Wrights, at their approaching trial?

PROSECUTION OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

5. This odious scribbler had the audacity to declare, within these few days, that he rejoiced at the recent change in the cabinet, because he was sure the new and remaining ministers were *too timid* to prosecute him for his atrocious libels.

QUERY. Has the Attorney-General forgotten this miscreant's damnable and inflammatory observations relative to the German Legion and the Local Militia?

* Vide Pol. Reg.

MRS. CLARKE.

6. This extraordinary woman has some most curious and important documents, which will be produced at her trial to the confusion of Colonel Wardle, and to the astonishment of his counsel.

QUERY. Will the patriot dare to shew his face in the House of Commons after their production?

CATHEDRAL SHOWMEN.

MR. EDITOR,

As I am informed that your opinion is generally respected for its impartiality, and that you are at the head of those who, watchful of the public good, are ever ready to engage in the arduous but praise-worthy task of correcting public abuses, I have taken the liberty, though a *foreigner*, to trouble you with the relation of a circumstance which does not do *great* honour to *those* whose *business* it is to *prevent* such a system of extortion, and which surprised me the more as the English are famed for liberality, and as it is not practised, I believe, in any other country. To be brief, I had heard much said of the beauty and grandeur of some of your public edifices. I determined to visit St. Paul's first, and accordingly proceeded thither, accompanied by my three sisters. When we arrived at the door on the side next to Paternoster-row, it was opened by a man who I concluded was appointed only to prevent any *disorderly* persons from coming in.—We entered, and were proceeding onward: but he suddenly stopt us, and asked me for *eight-pence*. Observing that he was decently dressed, and that he in no

respect appeared to be in want, I turned about and told him, that I was astonished a man of his appearance should think of asking charity, particularly in the sanctuary ; that the poor wretches whom I frequently met in the streets, never begged for more than a *halfpenny*, and that I was very much surprised *he* should ask me for eight-pence, in so *rude* a manner. I was about to leave him with disgust, but he stopt me again, *abused* me for calling him a beggar, and told me I must pay eight-pence for coming *there with my three girls*. I now began to suspect that ladies were not suffered to enter the holy temples in England, that perhaps I had transgressed the laws by introducing them here, and that this might probably be a fine exacted for the offence : but as I saw several English ladies walking about, who must have been acquainted with the prohibition had it existed, and as the man informed me it was *two-pence each*, which must have included *myself*, I plainly perceived I had taken up a wrong idea, and began to suspect I had got by mistake into the *Tower*, that this might be the *douceur* generally given to the *keeper of the menagerie*, and that as I had neglected to pay him the *usual* compliment, he had taken the liberty to demand it ; for I could not persuade myself that the *government of so rich a nation*, placed *tax-gatherers* at the doors of *public sanctuaries* to take *two-pence* from every individual who might be anxious to enter : and as to supposing that those *reverend* fathers appointed to the cathedral, whose incomes make them *strangers* to poverty and distress, had placed them there to extort *eight farthings* from every person coming in, would have been treating those holy fathers very irreverentially,—as I had always been told that the English clergy are *handsomely* provided for, and that they are *remarkable* for their *purity, humiliation, and contempt of riches*, I thought within myself, if this be the

cathedral, (and I cannot believe it is,) I'll be bound that this fellow's duty is only to keep out all improper persons, but he knows the hours when his masters attend, and during their absence he levies this contribution for *himself*, which people *cheerfully* pay, because they conclude it is gathered for their *good and virtuous pastors*, who make it their business to collect *all* they can in order to furnish the *poor* in winter with *bread, meat, coals, &c.* However, as I still was of opinion that I was in the *Tower*, I enquired of the keeper: how great was my astonishment to find that I was *really* in the cathedral!!!

Exasperated against the fellow for his roguery, I asked him (in order to *confound* him) who placed him there? I expected he would not make me any answer but walk off—I was deceived!—He stammered out with a degree of insolence surpassing any thing I had ever before heard, “You—you—you—your masters to be sure!!!!” Well! said my sister Louisa, who is very religious, and very remarkable for penetration, it is a great pity that the Dean does not know of this: the fellow insinuates that he is employed; a sacrilegious wretch! depend upon it if the money were collected for a *good and charitable* purpose it would be a *voluntary* subscription. And pray, continued I, how long has it been customary to take entrance here?—“Why he—he—he—before *you* were pupped, and you—you—you—your grandfather either!!!!” As my sisters are seldom accustomed to a dialogue of this nature, they entreated me to give him what he demanded, that I might get rid of him which I did immediately, and he left us. We had not proceeded many paces when three very disorderly young men rushed in at the opposite door, which was not guarded by a *tax-gatherer*. I observed one of them make directly up to the monumen

of that late benefactor to mankind, Mr. Howard, on which he wrote something with his *pencil*.—My curiosity was roused to know what it was, I did not expect to find a moral sentence, from the immorality of his behaviour, nor was I deceived, for on going up to the statue I observed it *shockingly disfigured* in every part within reach; and though I could not distinguish for a certainty the addition he had just made, I could find no moral sentence among the whole. I certainly felt considerable indignation against those whose duty it is to *prevent* the evil disposed from injuring and defacing those tributes of gratitude which are the *last* a nation can pay a good and great man, and which are carefully preserved in other countries; and whilst I was expressing some concern to see the interior of so extensive a public building in so *dirty* a condition, we were accosted by another man, who politely asked us if we chose to be conducted about the dome? to see all the curiosities there exposed for public inspection; I was for making him no answer, expecting that he was *another* tax-gatherer; but my sister Louisa, whom I have already mentioned as well known for her discernment, assured us she was certain he was no such person, and that it was clear he invited us out of *kindness*, seeing we were strangers: so in deference to her opinion I thanked the man for his civility, and we began to follow him. When we had got upon the stair-case he demanded *two shillings*. I had had too unpleasant a contest with the other to ask him why? I gave it him. 'Tis well he did not insist upon as many guineas, for if I had possessed them I should not have disputed! However, I concluded this was the *last* charge; I was mistaken. *Every* room we came to, a *similar* sum was required. I paid it without a word. After having seen and heard several wonderful things, such as dusty pieces of rags suspended at the ends of broomsticks,

the clapping of a door in the circular gallery, and the pretty loud whispers of the porter hired to shut it violently, who told us six times over to remember the *man at the door*, (which I have done ever since, for he caught my coat with it as I was going out and tore it) we were conducted to a stair case, which we eagerly began to descend, all *anxious* to *get out* of the holy temple. However, we were soon stopped by our conductor, who informed us that those stairs were *geometrical* stairs; built to be *looked at*, and that he would thank me for two shillings. As I paid it I discovered that I had only half a crown left, the greater part of which I should probably want to pay for a coach home, as my youngest sister Matilda was ready to faint from dust and fatigue, I thought it prudent not to see any thing more, so we descended; but whether the tax-gatherer suspected I should ask him any more questions, or whether he had collected as much as he could with propriety that day, I know not, but he let us out without any further demand. I am sorry my income is so limited, for though my sisters were disgusted with our journey to St. Paul's, they wish very much to see the Tower; but I am told the expence attending it is enormous, so that I shall not be able to indulge them. I fear they will leave England without visiting either the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Bank, Royal Exchange, Excise Office, or any public building which may be visited in other countries without a *douceur*.

I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

HUM REPARADOR.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

"Ye whipping clerks!

Who with a jockey's speed
Gallop amain through sermons, services,
And dirty roads!"—

Hurdie. Vid. Village Curate.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE fashionable world are all on the alert. Scarcely a day passes but some new *expedition* is set on foot. It is "all the go,"—which shall *get on* the fastest in the world!—literally, "get on"—for, according to the metaphorical acceptation of the phrase,—*getting on*—q. d. *thriving* in the world,—these expeditions are a *rapid draw-back*! In plain terms,—if our *dashing* gentry *go on* much longer at this *rate*, they will walk themselves *out of breath*,—or, as a friend of mine, an Hibernian, humorously remarked—*walk out of the world*!! a step of which they do not seem to be aware at present. Perhaps it might not be amiss to offer some *cursor* remarks by way of caution, and which should be so plain that "he who *runs* may read," (they will otherwise not be read at all!) *sed nunc non his locus*. I have other *game* in view—so must leave the *walking gentlemen* to *take the consequences*.

I know you, Mr. Satirist, by your *WORKS*, to be a staunch friend to the established church, and the clergy thereof: at the same time, when the latter have been found deserving of it, you, *as in duty bound*, have not spared to *trim* their *cassocks* very handsomely. With submission, a little *plain* trimming might not be ill bestowed on certain *reverend* sprigs—or *prigs* in divinity—who set their tongues

a running at a most unconscionable rate over sermons, prayers, and sacraments. I was a painful *ear-witness* no longer ago than last Sunday to one of these gentry, whose tongue had got the gift of *the glib*—and, certainly for *dispatch*, I never saw his fellow. To keep up with him was impossible. Moses, our clerk, was thrown out of his *Amen*, I know not how often.—And this, *reverend Sir, you call, "DOING DUTY!!!"* for shame! for shame! what pity is it, Mr. Satirist, that there is not a canon which enjoins all tongues that shall be found so offending should be *silenced* for three years! This would be the only effectual *check* to the evil complained of—it would be the means of teaching our “*whipping clerks*,” to keep their mouths as it were with a *bridle* while performing the most solemn of all offices—**PRAYER!**

I do think, Mr. Satirist, that there is not a church throughout all the world that can boast of so excellent a liturgy as ours—such sober, rational—yet animated, and impressive piety—warm without heat, and energetic without fanaticism. But is it not disgraceful in the highest degree to hear such a service, either hurried over with a rapidity which bids defiance to all devotion—or *drawled** over in such a heavy, dull, monotonous, *school-boy* manner (no reflection on *school-boys*!) as to the dull and listless—to those who are more *drowsy*, than “*devoutly, disposed*” is as irresistible in its effect as *poppy and mandragora*.

male si mandato loqueris,

—dormitabo—

HOR.

To be brief—I am of opinion, Mr. Satirist, that, a cold careless, idle, perfunctory manner of performing the sev-

* (“The Clerk’s) “in one lazy tone,

“Thro’ the long, heavy, painful page *drawl* on.”

POPE’S DUNC.

ral offices of the church, including baptisms, burials, &c. has done more towards “defaming” the liturgy than all the CANT and clamour, and evil-speaking and evil-writing of its redoubted assailants.

I remain,

yours, most cordially,

July 6th.

OLD QUIZ.

DOGBERRY AND VERGES.

An entirely new Scene, got up for the occasion, and introduced with great effect at the opening of the Session Theatre.

Dog.—Nay, an I know not the law of riot, I knew nothing, neighbour. Marry, thus it stands. A riot is that sort of thing which may be prescribed as a breach of the peace, whereby a man might say the peace was broken. Now the peace is in other words quietness, which is broken by noise. Ergo, to make a noise is to riot, which is an unlawful thing, and what is unlawful, is illegal, and moreover against the law. Ergo, this being the law of riot, if a man do cough at church in sermon time, and waken the congregation, he doeth an unlawful thing, and maketh a riot.

Verg.—But how if the congregation sleep so sound, that his coughing waken them not?

Dog.—Why then it is no riot. But it is other, if a man do blow his nose at the play-house, and drown the voice of the actor, for the players, mark me, are of worth, and to be, detected and no defence given them: ergo, if a

man blow his nose at the play-house, he is a noisy person, and being a noisy person, he is a riotous person, and being a riotous person, he is, as it were, guilty of riot, and must forthwith be dragged to prison.

Verg.—But suppose his nose wanted blowing?

Dog.—Nay marry that alters the case, and the law allows him to blow it. You shall not find but I know the law. Therefore it were well, master constable, before you take any to prison for blowing their nose, that you demand whether their nose wanted blowing or no.

Verg.—How if they will not resolve us?

Dog.—Then they are churlish knaves, and it is not your vocation to teach them manners. Let them depart. I know there be some, that think they have a right to blow their nose in a playhouse, whether they have occasion or not; but the law shall give them a tweak by it, for their benevolence to the players. They shall find that I know how to make a lawful riot, and that I have digested *BACON* to some purpose.

Verg.—Perchance they may say then that your law is all gammon.

Dog.—Go to—I care not for their mockeries. I know my duty and my place, and that I should be suspected. Should I not, neighbours?

Verg.—Truly, Master Dogberry, we all suspect you mainly.

Dog.—It is well, and yet it is no more than your duty. And now that I have refined the law of riot for you, mark me, while I impound your duties, and what is respected of you. It is your duty, being peace officers, to demean your-

•••••
selves obstrepuously, and maintain order, therefore if you see any in the playhouse blowing his nose knock him down.

Verg.—But if he should be too strong for us?

Dog.—That hath been provided for: ye shall have some tall fellows of their hands, that shall be your dissociates. But to avoid contention, you had best not meddle with sturdy rioters: but be sure at least that you bring some old men, women, or boys, as earnest of your diligence.

Verg.—Yet if none of these should chance to blow their nose?

Dog.—Marry what then? They might intend to do so, if you did not seize them, now it is in this same intent that the offence against the law resists; ergo, by preventing the intent, you better preserve the peace.

.....

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE dramatic muses naturally remind us of their sister Miss Polly Hymnia; it is out of fashion, however, now to invoke the Pierian nine, and as our modern poetry scorns all rule, it is almost needless to point out any rule for your direction; your shortest method indeed is to pick out the best lines you can meet with in any poetical work whether ancient or modern, then regardless of the dull rules of Crambo, instead of pairing them two and two, whilst they saunter slowly along like a bevy of boarding

school misses, you may venture to place them at random or to draw them like king and queen on twelfth night. By this means you will not fail to obtain the meed of originality, and may be fortunate enough either by *opposition* or by *apposition*, to strike out some new thoughts ; should you be at a loss for a title to this precious morceau, you may, in the *Barringtonian slang*, call it the “*Lay*” of a new minstrel !

As variety is the order of the day, and we may suppose your own stock of originality pretty near expended, you may now commence commentator and preface writer on the works of others ; and here you have different modes of commencing the attack, either as a commentary on the work itself, or as an essay on the character of some of the characters introduced in it. There is another advantage attending a commentator well worth your notice, that is, that you may copy and extract *ad libitum*, without being deemed a plagiarist ; for as you may, perhaps, choose an author whom nobody has read, it will of course be necessary to tell us what he has written before we can understand your criticisms, and perhaps not even then.

From commentaries we naturally proceed to criticism, but here you will perhaps be unwilling to take any advice, as every man, aye, and woman too, think themselves qualified as literary censors ; I shall not, therefore, enter deeply into this subject, but refer you to a late state paper of a neighbouring *empire*, in which we are told, the little great man has ordered that criticism shall be carried on with candour and good manners.—If he can but succeed in this *one* point, I will allow that he has done *some* good in his day and generation !

Having thus established your credit and connections in some degree as a man of letters, you may set up as a wholesale dealer in words, and write a dictionary ; and

here you may either *undo* or *out do* all that has been done before you. As the great end and design of a dictionary is to give information, and to aid investigation, you must form your explanations so as not only to prompt to further enquiry, but even to render it *necessary*, as an example, you may tell us that "the inspissated juice of the West Indian cane, exposed to a certain ratio of culinary heat, until it becomes a chrystallized substance in tetrahedral prisms, the smaller lateral surfaces joining in an obtuse angle, the summits dihedral and truncated on both sides is nothing more or less than *Sugar Candy*.

Again you may explain some words by a new mode called *negative* explanation, thus

Wit.—A thing much talked of, but little known, at the present day, it may be defined under three distinct forms ; viz. breaking lamps, breaking heads, and breaking promises ; burning your neighbour's wig at the club, or setting the laugh against him, is not *wit*, though reckoned so. See further under the article *Fudge*.

Modesty.—A recurrence to ancient customs. Example: "they were naked, and were not ashamed."

Anecdotes.—A collection of scandalous stories, which seldom have any foundation in truth, but which are, notwithstanding, a very saleable article.

Confessions. A modest, and sometimes a lucrative way in which a man, after being tired of praising himself, may acquaint the public with every vice and folly he has committed through life.

And here, by the way, my good friend, a hint or two on the subject of *confessions*, may not be mal-a-propos ; as an invention of rather a modern date, and had it not been for some clumsy imitators, might have become a pretty resource for decayed actors, actresses *out of fashion*, namby-pamby writers, &c. and would have been

a kind of hospital of incurables, for the parish of Literature.

One mode of preparing for your confessions is *very simple*; think of any author who is so much in vogue, that his works have been swelled out into royal folio, wiredrawn into weekly numbers, or compressed into a *two and thirtymo* size, with a pearl letter; then contrive to find some of his writings which nobody has ever seen or heard of before; produce them to the public, and though to have written such things yourself would have raised you high in literary estimation, you must forego the praise for the sake of the profit, and swear that they are original. If asked for the manuscript, a man of your genius can never be at a loss for an excuse; the young hounds and puppies of literature, if thrown off on a wrong scent, will yelp in concert, though some staunch old beagle may refuse to join in the cry. However, your doublings and crossings will at last be unravelled, and the curs of criticism will soon be close at your brush: to drop the metaphor, when the trick is discovered, your profit must cease, yet still your case is not desperate. Write your confessions—the public in general are better pleased with the last dying-speech and *confession*, than with the execution of the malefactor, and many will buy the confession, who would never have looked at the forgery.

There are several modes which may come under the head of confessions, for instance, if a lord, or a duke, or a *prince*, should receive you with favour for some time, and then for *any cause* whatever withdraw his countenance and patronage, you must write a book against him, whether true or false, it will sell; and if sufficiently interlarded with scandalous anecdotes, nine-tenths of your readers will never ask *cui boni*?

There are yet some miscellaneous heads on which I shall give you a few hints, and then conclude. In some cases, you must have a title-page, which shall have no connection whatever with the substance of your work, such as "Holiday Sports and Pastimes at Wimbledon," and let the body of your work be a Treatise on Medicine, or a Treatise on Grammar, but whatever it is, whether spreading a plaster, or conjugating a verb, you must favour us with a few notes on politics, and thus draw the admiration of the uninitiated towards your political conjunctions.

It is by no means necessary that you should be acquainted with the subject on which you write; but you may as well explain to your readers that you *must* understand it perfectly, whether it is religion, manufactures, or even military, or *naval* tactics. In the latter case, though you have never been at sea, you may tell us that you became perfectly acquainted "with the action of the wind on the sails, and of the rudder on the vessel," by standing "on the pier-end," looking at the fishing smacks; and though you scarcely know the stem from the stern, you must still be supposed capable of teaching seamen how to form, and how to break the line. You will thus pass for a learned *clerk*, and be considered as deep as *Elden*.

There is one part of your trade, which formerly was not thought unbecoming the greatest geniuses in the nation, but which now seems generally to have fallen to the lot of those for whom *one tongue was once thought sufficient*. I mean translation: but now, indeed, every boarding-school Miss, after blundering through Boyer's Grammar, thinks herself perfectly qualified to *do* into English Voltaire, Lavoisier, or Genlis.

With so many strings to your bow, you can never be

at a loss for subjects to write on ; the great difficulty will be to persuade others to read. To accomplish this, you may praise yourself in the papers, or you may perhaps be more successful by adopting a *contrary* mode. Tell the world that your book is unfit to be read, and you stimulate their curiosity ; forbidden fruit is always sweet, and many who would otherwise have looked at your work with negligence or contempt, will praise it for the sake of singularity—but the *devil* is now at my elbow, I must therefore reluctantly bid you adieu.

Yours,

CROP THE CONJUROR.

ANECDOTES, &c.

Our readers have probably heard that the notorious *Pieter Finnerty*, contrived to smuggle himself into the island of Walcheren, and that he was very properly ordered to be sent home. The following anecdote will shew how our national character may be injured in the estimation of foreigners by the baseness of such miscreants. A gentleman *whom we know*, saw Finnerty on the twenty-ninth of last August, rush out of a tavern called the Wine-house, situated on the Quay at Middleburgh, and kept by a widow named *Scuffer*. Suspecting that all was not right, he entered the house, and finding the landlady in tears, he enquired the cause, and was informed that *Mr. Pieter*,* the gentleman whom he met at the door, had ordered a supper for himself and a friend, and after they had eaten it and drank a bottle of Madeira, he refused to pay the amount of the bill, made use of the most offensive language, threw down a single dollar, (4s. 6d.), and ran out of the house. We have the original bill in our possession, and the following is a literal copy :

29th August.

Eoipi poir Mettir *Pieter* et un Offiejier.

				Fl.	st.
Un bockelye Madera	-	-	-	5	0 0
Un ver annisit	-	-	-	0	4 0
				5	4 0

* Finnerty's motives for concealing his disgraced surname are sufficiently obvious.

In English money about *eleven shillings and sixpence*—which for two suppers, a bottle of Madeira, and a glass of anniseed, was surely reasonable enough. We understand that Finnerty has had the audacity to declare that he went to the Scheldt with the *consent* and under the protection of *Sir Home Popham !!!*—Surely that gallant officer has too correct a sense of propriety to suffer such a character to accompany him even in a menial capacity,

The following ingenious *acrostical* character of the oppressor of Europe is from the pen of an accomplished, and illustrious personage.

N ationibus A uctoritatem, P rincipibus O bedientiam,
L ibertatem E cclesiæ O mnimodo N egans.
B'ona U surpavit O mnium, N eutrorum A urum, Populo-
rum A rgentum, R evera T yrannus E xecrandus,

IT is a most curious circumstance, that the only place of divine worship within the precincts of the metropolis belonging to our own church establishment, in which no sermon was delivered on the late memorable day of thanksgiving, the fiftieth anniversary of our gracious and beloved Monarch's accession to the throne of this realm, should be a chapel in the parish of St. James, Westminster, under the immediate auspices of the dean of Canterbury; and of which a king's chaplain, who officiated in *pro. pria persona* on the occasion, is the minister.

TO THE READERS OF THE SATIRIST,

ANXIOUS to manifest our gratitude to the public for the very liberal encouragement which we have experienced, we have entered into a new and very expensive arrangement with some gentlemen of the most distinguished talents in the kingdom, who have promised to become constant contributors, and we

shall in our next Number have the satisfaction of inserting some of their valuable communications. At their request, and in conformity with the advice of many friends whose opinions we highly respect, we have determined to omit, in future, the caricature plates, which are considered beneath the dignity of *The Satirist*. We are confident that our readers will acquiesce in this determination; since it will enable us to pay a much greater degree of attention to the literary department of our work.

We think it necessary to notice the unusual scarcity of poetry which our present number contains, and to state that it was occasioned by a most atrocious outrage:

The Printer's boy who was conveying a large quantity of copy from the Editor's was, during the fog of Saturday evening, knocked down by some unknown russian and robbed of the whole.—We hereby offer a reward of TWENTY POUNDS to be paid on conviction of the offender.—

The articles stolen were a *Consolatory Epistle* (in verse) to the Marchioness of L—— “The Cantab, Number the last,” a letter to the right honourable Spencer Percival, on the necessity of vigorous exertions, and *Cobbett's lamentation* (in verse) on the general celebration of the Jubilee.

Satirist Office, Oct. 30th. 1809.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Lord Valentia's Voyages and Travels to India, &c. (Concluded from p. 399.)

THE second volume of this work commences with an observation, which strikes at first by its novelty, but which certainly assumes more than is warranted by the little we know of the ancient navigation of the Red Sea.

“ It had always appeared to me an extraordinary circumstance, that if the *western coast* of the Red Sea were really as dangerous as the moderns have uniformly represented it, the ancients should *invariably have navigated it*, in preference to the *eastern coast*; nor could my suspicions that a *western passage* existed be removed by the silence of the British officers, after a long continuance of our fleet in that sea.”

That the ancients did *not* invariably navigate the *western coast*, we shall hereafter shew; yet with this impression on his mind, we must give his lordship credit for his spirit of enterprize, in this investigation of the subject; no sooner does he pass the straits of Babel Mandel, however, than he conjures up the ghost of poor Bruce in order to exercise his talent of contradiction, merely because the latter asserted that when in a flat-bottomed Arabian *Dow*

he could run his bowsprit on the rocks of the Abyssinian shore, whilst his lordship in a vessel of greater draught, was obliged to keep in seven fathoms. On their passage up a circumstance took place which we have no doubt will hand down *part* of his lordship's title to posterity :

" Our pilot declared he could not reach Dhalac this day ; he wished to anchor off an island to the west of us which forms a bay, where he said vessels may anchor in safety. We anchored in seventeen fathoms and at only three quarters of a mile from the shore. As no description of the island has ever been given, and we were probably the first Europeans that had visited it, we called it *Valentia*."

Yet the Portuguese *De Castro* had visited this coast in the 16th century, and there is reason to believe that the ancient Greeks had not only seen it, but given it a name, not indeed *Valentia* but *Orine*. The modesty of Cook has only permitted two places in his extensive discoveries to be dignified with his name ; his lordship, however, has a bright example in the great Hebridean Rambler, who according to Boswell's account, though he gave not a name to an island, had yet the satisfaction of being called after one himself.* A dispute now took place between our author, and the officer commanding the Antelope, the latter complaining that his lordship intended to take all the merit of the discoveries to himself, and as there was no other island discovered to which the name of Captain Keys might be given, the latter being unwilling to act the part either of Trinculo or of Stephano, they proceeded no farther than Masuah, and soon after returned to Bombay.

Whilst waiting for letters from Calcutta respecting an-

* The island of Isay, in the Bay of Dunvegan.

ther trip to the Red Sea, Lord V. visited Poonah the Mah-ratta capital, and here he gives an extraordinary instance of the superior comfort of the European districts, over those of the native powers. On landing at Panwell a very short distance from Bombay, the party was shocked at discovering the vultures and pariah dogs disputing over the body of a wretch who had died of famine. Captain Young, the English resident there, was obliged to employ twelve men to bury the dead, and this office they have sometimes performed to thirty in a day; the deaths for six months had amounted to six thousand, yet in this district the Bombay government had daily fed twelve thousand people from the stores, with rice procured from Bengal. This was in part done gratuitously, but about five thousand of the number fed out of the public stores were employed in transporting provisions and military stores for the troops at Poonah; great relief had also been afforded by private subscriptions among the English at Bombay. To this is added a very singular fact;

“ It is an almost incredible circumstance, but which strongly marks the patient forbearance, the resignation of the Hindoo, that during the whole of the late dreadful famine, grain has passed up to Poonah, through villages where the inhabitants were perishing themselves, and what is still more dreadful seeing their nearest relatives perishing for want, without a single tumult having taken place, or a single convoy having been intercepted.”

To a traveller in India, high rank affords great advantages, Lord V. however seems sometimes to have been embarrassed by a too strict attention to it, a specimen of which he gives in this route to Poonah.

“ The Rajah of Tillegham had sent his head man early in the

morning to invite me to visit him as I passed through. I excused myself, as I had not seen the Paishwa. The truth was, I did not know the proper etiquette, and wished to consult Colonel Close."

The day before this our inquisitive traveller came to a valley, which some of his readers might suppose to be that where Sinbad the sailor acquired such wealth by throwing down pieces of beef, which the eagles seized to carry to their young, when he robbed their nests of the precious stones which adhered to them ; " the whole way was through a valley covered with pieces of agate, onyx, and cornelian."

His visit to the Paishwa is a very interesting part of the work, and throws great light upon our present liberal and rational system of Indian politics ; his stay at Poonah was but short, and he returned to Bombay, to prosecute his objects in the Red Sea. We must generally observe that throughout the whole work, whatever his lordship saw, is accurately detailed, and described with a warmth of colouring which places the reader by his side ; beyond this, however, his observations in some parts are too superficial to convince, particularly in some attacks on characters whom we have been accustomed to revere. In this part of the work, in a slight notice of the ancient writings of Zaratushh or Zoroaster relative to the Parsees, we find the following sarcasm thrown out against the oracle of Indian literature. " Sir William Jones petulantly attacked the authenticity of their sacred code the Zendavesta, as translated by Anquetil du Perron, but he himself before his death was convinced of his error ;" and immediately after, his Lordship adds, *ex cathedra*, " but from the accounts that I have received I have no doubt of the authenticity of the original, or of the fidelity of the translation."

We should have been glad, if Lord V. had pointed out where Sir W. J. attacked the authenticity of the *Zendaues-ta as translated*, or where he accuses Perron of want of fidelity; the assertion too, "that he was convinced of his error" is too broad a one when applied to Sir William's opinions on this subject. That he might in some slight instance have corrected his early opinions is not impossible, but that his grand objections to the extreme antiquity of the Parsee religious books have never yet been refuted, we sincerely believe, nor can we alter our opinion on the mere "l'on dit" of a traveller confessedly ignorant of the oriental languages, particularly where these objections are *fundamental*. Sir William tells us that besides the Parsee and Pahlavi, a very ancient and abstruse tongue was known to the priests and philosophers called the language of the Zend, because a book on religious and moral duties which they held sacred, and which bore that name had been written in it, with a commentary in the Pahlavi; but it appears now that among many thousand Ghaurs, there are few who pretend even to understand the Zend, and the Pahlavi itself is almost extinct, whilst the modern Parsee is in fact deducible by a clear analogy from the Sanscrit; nay the very idiom of that language and the composition of its words prove it to be Indian. That there are no books extant in the genuine Zend, or even in the Pahlavi, we believe, for none have yet been produced, and there is a story among the Ghaurs of the original Zendauesta having been burnt; and it is an indubitable fact that the present dialect of the Ghaurs is a late invention of the priests subsequent to the Mahomedan invasion, as even its verbal nouns are of Arabic derivation. With respect to Perron, his translation may be correct, but it is not less true that in his Zend glossary, six or seven words in ten are of Sanscrit original; and from all yet known we be-

lieve with Sir W. J. that the oldest discoverable languages of Persia were Chaldaean and Sanscrit; and that from them were formed the more modern *Pahlavi* and *Zend*. Added to all this, even Dr. Vincent, whose judgment is indisputable, and whom Lord V. himself considers as an oracle, has given it as his opinion that he places little dependance on the authenticity of the *Zendavesta*, or of the other Indian mythology; in short he even gives the preference to the voyage of the Argonauts, and considers the Grecian accounts of India, as superior to the Hindoo and Parsee fables.

Lord V. now proceeds to the Red Sea, in the *Panther*, with officers of his own selection, and soon arrives at Dhalac, where he boasts much of the superiority of his observations over those of Bruce; but it is to be remembered, that Bruce was a *single* observer, whilst his lordship had many assistants. In the *Panther* he arrives at Suakin on the western shore, a short distance beyond the limits of his first trip, but the N. W. monsoon setting in, and provisions being scarce, a stop is put to the further examination of the western shore, and he returns to Mocha. He now seems less sanguine about the easy navigation of this coast, than at the commencement of the second volume; his observations are,

" Every *important* object has however been attained, respecting the passage within the shoals, from Suakin to Macowar, a passage which no vessel *will probably again attempt*, till an extensive trade shall have taken place in the Red Sea, when *probably* the advantages it holds forth of smooth water and occasional land and sea breezes may cause it to be navigated by *small* vessels in the adverse monsoon;"

and he soon after calls it " a voyage of considerable danger and perpetual anxiety." Thus ends his *Voyage of*

Discovery, together with his animadversions on Sir Home Popham, the general correctness of whose chart of the Red Sea, he does not fail to specify in the subsequent part of the work ; his great standard of accuracy, however, is Dr. Vincent, from whose very learned work, he seems very careful of differing, whilst he, perhaps rather hastily, condemns those who had actually visited these coasts. To Dr. Vincent we will not deny the meed of elaborate accuracy ; but it must be recollected that his " *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea*" does not claim infallibility if contradicted by modern travellers, nor does it actually bear out his lordship in his opinions of the ancient navigation already noticed. The " *Periplus*" we know was first edited at Basle in the sixteenth century, but the manuscript from whence it was taken, or its author are alike unknown, and Dr. Vincent himself is of opinion that it was not written by Arrian of Nicomedia, who wrote the life of Alexander, and who has left us the *Periplus of Nearchus* and of the Euxine Sea. That the ancients did *not* navigate the western coast for any distance, appears from the Erythrean *Periplus*, for the run from Berenice to Okelis, the greatest portion of the voyage in the Red Sea, was direct down the mid-channel, and Dr. Vincent says, that we may presume the same of the voyage from Muos Hormus to Aduli, as the author of the *Periplus* mentions only two intermediate ports in that route, which two ports even by Lord V.'s account, are the two worst on the coast, a proof itself how little the ancients were acquainted with the western shore. The investigation of this subject affords our author many opportunities of cavilling with the Abyssinian tourist, yet Dr. Vincent mentions that Castro, the Portuguese navigator, agrees with Agatharcides and the *Periplus*, and " is in full harmony with Bruce ! " With respect to Bruce, it is indeed remarkable that Lord V. often

finds what Bruce *really* saw, confirmed by his own observation ; at other places where B. could only describe the country from the accounts of the natives, he sometimes finds him in error, but surely this is not a sufficient reason to contradict and to accuse him of falsehood respecting those places which Lord V. himself did not visit. Every succeeding traveller has, in fact, proved that Bruce in general was correct ; from the novelty of his attempt we may perhaps allow him to romance a little, a favour he surely would not have refused to his successors in this route.

From Mocha, Mr. Salt, his lordship's secretary and draftsman, is sent into Abyssinia, a trip in which his lordship did not accompany him, and his journal forms a very entertaining part of the work ; Mr. S. however, sets off in the same spirit of contradiction as his noble friend, and in describing the pass of Taranta, between Massurah and Dixan, asserts that he did not meet with any of Bruce's *troglodytical* caves ; yet in the very next page, confesses that the huts are formed against the sides of the mountains, and covered with sods so as exactly to resemble caves ! In describing the feasts of raw flesh, he denies that the *brinde* is cut off the living animals ; he acknowledges, however, that it is brought to the table whilst the muscles are quivering. From the unhappy state of the government, Mr. S. finds it impossible, notwithstanding the friendship of one of the great men, to proceed to Gondar, he therefore returns to Massouah, and on his route meets a respectable old man, who assures him that Bruce had been at Gondar, and actually visited the source of the Nile, and that he was robbed of his books and instruments ; on further inquiry, however, he confesses that B. had neither lands, government, nor military command of any kind whatever. By a correct copy, and very ingenious translation of the famous Axum inscription, we

have a convincing proof that so early as the year 327 of the Christian era, the Abyssinians were still heathens, and that the story of the Catholic missionaries of the Abyssinian monarchs being descended from Solomon, or at least of their being Judaic converts, is not founded on fact; the characters of this inscription are Greek, and the king afterwards converted to Christianity, is there called "the Son of Mars."

Lord Valentia certainly deserves great praise for his exertions in attempting to open a communication with Abyssinia, which may ultimately be of considerable benefit to this country, and here we cannot withhold from our readers a very interesting quotation. After describing the confused state of the country, from the almost uncontrolled power of the chiefs of the various provinces, he says, "still the power of *Tigre* predominates; and the Ras Wellata Selasse (the chief visited by Mr. S.) is vested with the constitutional but immoderate power of prime minister. This is fortunate, as through that province (*Tigre*) alone, can any communication be carried on at present with *Gondar*. An alliance with the British would supply him with arms, ammunition, and revenue, and thereby enable him to liberate his sovereign from the oppression in which he is now held, and to place in his hands the sceptre of the finest part of Africa. Abyssinia under one master would resume her ancient consequence, her people would cultivate their fields in tranquillity; and her eternal enemies, the *Jalla*, would soon be driven by the possession of fire-arms into their own country. I cannot but flatter myself that Christianity in its most pure forms, if offered to their acceptance with caution and moderation, would meet with a favourable reception; at any rate the improvements in arts and sciences which follow trade, would ameliorate the national character, and assist

in bringing back their own religion to a degree of purity which it has long lost. The restoring of tranquillity to the provinces, and a legal trade to the united empire would also have the very important effect of putting an end to the exportation of slaves, which is here not only liable to the same objections as on the western coast of Africa, but to the still greater one, that the slaves exported are Christians, and that they are carried into Arabia, where they inevitably lose not only their liberty but their religion."

Since his lordship's return, a vessel has been fitted out on a trading speculation, and Mr. Salt is gone in her under the patronage of government; an enterprize in which we wish him every possible success.

The travellers now leave Mocha for the last time, and proceed by sea to Suez, from whence they cross the desert to Cairo; from that capital his lordship takes a tour, and every where finds the Egyptians friendly to the English and to English polities, in spite even of the late ill-concerted expedition to that quarter, which he reprobates with great justice. He also gives an accurate elucidation of Sebastiani's character, and very ably vindicates that of General Stuart. From Alexandria, he proceeds to Malta, Gibraltar, &c. and arrives in England after an absence of four years and four months.

We have in this review been more diffuse in noticing defects, because that erroneous opinions have greater weight and make a more lasting impression on most readers, when met with in a work of general merit and general elegance, such as this is, both with respect to its matter and manner, as well as its very numerous and splendid engravings. Its style is in general as elevated as narrative will allow of, and the descriptions both of men and manners, and of the face of the various countries, are

marked with a pleasing freedom of pencil, and an evident accuracy of observation. We lament that our limits will not permit us to insert any copious extracts from its beauties; this however saves us from the difficulty of selection; we can therefore only recommend a perusal of the work to our readers, and shall close this article with a short extract on our Indian policy, and which we know from actual observation to be correct.

"The deference with which the English treat all the prejudices of the Hindoos is rapidly reconciling their minds to the *Christian* government. Not only are they protected in all their ceremonies, but even the duties which were laid on all who made a pilgrimage to Benares, were taken off by Mr. Hastings in his visit to that place. The merchants also begin to be sensible of the perfect security which they enjoy under our government. The Mahometans of course detest us; we have deprived them of a mighty empire, and they feel that they hold the remnants only by our permission. The Hindoo can have no feelings of this sort: he has only changed his masters; and although we do not so much unite with him in society as his former master did, yet on experience he prefers the one who gives him the firmest protection from insult or oppression."

The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele, &c.
&c. 2 Vol. 8vo. Nichols. 1809.

FEW men have contributed more to raise the character of his profession than Mr. John Nichols, we therefore always expect to derive both information and amusement from those literary productions which are ushered into the world under his auspices; but our regard for truth obliges us to declare that if a few of the letters which compose these volumes be entertaining and instructive, the majority of them are such as neither to illustrate the

character, nor augment the reputation of their writer. That prince of editorial trifling, Mr. Almon, never produced a more stupid, or uninteresting collection of epistolary trash. To preserve these hasty effusions was an act of filial piety which no one will condemn; but to publish them was an act of cruelty and folly of which it might have been expected that no literary gentleman of respectability would have been the voluntary instrument.

Of the amusement and edification to be derived from these "trifles of a man of genius," the reader may form a correct idea from the following extracts.

To Mrs. Steel with speed.

MY DEAR,

October 22d, 1707.

Pray send word where your landlord of the house in Swallow-street lives, that my friend Colonel Borr may treat with him for the house.

Your obedient husband,

RICHARD STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

May 10th, 1708.

I dine at the gentleman usher's table at St. James's. I have done a great deal of business this morning. Pray send Richard to me as soon as he has dined.

Your's ever,

RICHARD STEELE.

DEAR PRUE.

Don't be displeased that I do not come home till eleven o'clock.

Your's ever,

RICHARD STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

Send word when you are ready, and hoods on, and I will come for you.

RICHARD STEELE.

In the same manner, if the curious reader wishes to be informed whether on the 19th day of July 1709, Mr. Steele came home at 9 o'clock, or ten; whether on the 8th of November 1708, he dined in the city, or at Hampton-court; whether he was tipsy or sober on the first of January 1711: how many shillings he sent his wife *to keep her pockets*, at half past seven o'clock on the 23d of January, 1715, how many twitches of the gout he experienced during his residence in Wales: how many times he was permitted to enjoy the privileges of a husband; and how many times the lady refused to comply with his lawful desires: he may be amply gratified. On this last subject indeed the editor seems to be peculiarly at home; but it would certainly have been more decent to have informed us, *by a single extract*, that the lady "displayed unusual coldness as a woman, and a wife;" than to insert every loose allusion, and *double-entendre* to which this circumstance might give occasion. The scraps of matrimonial fondness in which he assures Lady Steele "that he shall be extremely sorry to *lose so delicious a morsel* as her ladyship through the frequent incapacities occasioned by the gout;" and in which he enquires whether the physical effect of that complaint on the sensations of women, is the same with its effect on men, might as well have been omitted. They can have no other tendency than to gratify impudent and unhallowed curiosity; to degrade the dignity, and alarm the innocence of the female character; and to expose the most sacred of religious and social institutions to the sarcasms of the profligate, and the revilings of the vulgar.

A large proportion of the matter contained in these volumes, includes the dedications to his periodical, and political works. What right these compositions have to be included in his epistolary correspondence, it is difficult to

conjecture. They have been already published with the volumes to which they naturally belong ; and if their re-publication had been necessary they ought to have appeared under a different form and title.

Had these volumes therefore been reduced to one-fourth of their present size by the exclusion of all that was stale, trivial, and indecent, the remaining *fourth* would have afforded us no inconsiderable share of instruction and amusement. The longer letters are extremely characteristic, and present a very interesting picture of Sir Richard's public conduct and domestic habits.

He seems to have loved his wife to an excess, which the modern benedicts will be inclined to contemplate with wonder and incredulity. The ardour of his passion was rather inflamed than extinguished by the lapse of years. The mere affectation of a fondness that he did not feel might answer the purposes of temporary deception ; but it could not animate the casual effusions of epistolary correspondence, and diffuse itself through every emotion of his mind. There are moments when circumspection is asleep : when artifice appears without disguise, and falsehood is condemned to pay an involuntary sacrifice to truth. But the affection of Steele is constant and uniform ; it is always the predominant sentiment of his mind ; it stamps the character of his most hasty and unguarded effusions ; and even disturbs the felicity of his Bacchanalian orgies. It does not appear, however, that his attachment was so disgracefully servile as to make him forget his duty or his dignity.

“ I only beg of you (says he) to add to your other charms a fearfulness to see a man that loves you in pain and uneasiness ; to make me as happy as it is possible to be in this life. Rising

a little in a morning, and being disposed to a cheerfulness in * * * * * [†] would not be amiss."

Again :

" You tell me that you want a little flattery from me. I assure you I know of no one who deserves so much commendation as yourself, and to whom saying the best things would be so little like flattery. The thing speaks itself, considering you as a very handsome woman that loves retirement; one who does not want wit, and is extremely sincere; and so I would go through all the vices which attend the good qualities of other people, of which you are exempt. But, indeed, though you have every perfection, you have one extravagant fault, which almost frustrates the good in you to me; and that is, that you do not *love* to *dress*, to *appear*, to *shine out*, even at my request."

Extraordinary as this character of his wife may appear, it was not undeserved. Her virtue, however, was in some instances too apt to degenerate into vice. Her unobtrusiveness bore too much resemblance to misanthropy; and her economy had too much the appearance of avarice. She seems to have been a confirmed sloven; Sir Richard seldom requests her to take an airing, or gives her notice of a dinner-party without requesting her " to be well dressed;" a request which she does not seem always to have regarded.

It appears from the documents before us that his income on the day of marriage was clear 1025*l.* per annum; a sum by no means inadequate at that period to the expences of a gentleman. The distresses in which he was afterward involved, derived their origin from the easiness of his temper, and the irregularity of his habits. The former made him the dupe of knavish creditors, and

+ Here a few words are cut out.

the latter hurried him into repeated acts of thoughtless extravagance.

Yet amidst all his follies and distresses he never appears to have lost the principles of a christian, and a man of honour, or the dignity of a gentleman. Of his piety there are many striking proofs contained in these volumes : and of the spirit and integrity with which he conducted himself in every vicissitude of fortune, and under every circumstance of peril and embarrassment, the whole history of his political career affords sufficient evidence.

Poems, consisting of Translations from the Greek, Latin, and Italian, with some Originals. By Mrs. Ware, of Ware Hill, Herts. 8vo. 7s. pp. 230. Cadell and Davies. London.

TRULY a most learned lady ! and self-taught too, for she says, that she has not "had the advantages of a *classical initiation*, and that as far as her knowledge of the dead languages extends, it has been acquired purely from private study, without instructor or assistant." She was resolved, it seems to give the lie to the Greek proverb, which says, Νάεθνξ παιδίας ἐσὶ σκῆτρος : at least she was determined to let us know, that her learning was not *entailed* on her by *birch*. This is literally having the *gift* of tongues ; a very dangerous gift in the possession of a lady ; for if any credit may be given to old saws, one tongue is generally sufficient to supply a woman with all the flowers of rhetoric. How then shall we venture to approach this prodigy in petticoats ? If we should happen to offend her by any awkwardness or misapprehension, she might scold us in mouthing Greek with as little mercy as Xantippe did her hen-pecked philosopher, or snarl and snap at us in dog-Latin, and call us worse names than the old com-

mentors on the classics, were wont to bestow on each other. And then the natural shrewdness of her sex, is so heightened by her literary acquirements, that every little blunder of ours will appear double to her eyes: as her friends the Greeks said, “ Διπλῶν ὄφωσιν οἱ μαθοῦτες γράμματα. We really are astonished at our own temerity. Latin we had not regarded, but Greek, what could tempt the lady to study Greek? Had she ever heard of the saying, Ἀνὴρ ηλεὸς ἄγγει τορυμένω ὄμος, and as she might be said to resemble the ἄγγει τορυμένω in one particular, determined that at least it should not be a resemblance of the *head*? We are not fond of talking Greek, but we scarcely know in what other language to convey our meaning to so learned a lady. With all due submission, however, we will proceed in plain English, that we may be understood by our less literate readers, to examine the poetical *ware* manufactured at Ware-Hill.

Mrs. Ware with great diffidence and modesty informs the inerudite reader that her “poetical attempts” amounting to just thirty, “were written at *different times*!” this very necessary piece of information, we confess, has in a great measure tended to allay the apprehensions we should otherwise have entertained of the consequences of attempting to criticize the work of a lady of such profound erudition, since it contains a direct admission, that though she may be able, as we said before in Greek, to see double, she cannot do thirty things at once. Now this is a great comfort to us; and so, without venturing as high as her garters to enquire what may be their colour, we will venture to enquire into the texture of her blue stockings.

Homer's Frogs and Mice, three pieces of Theocritus, the fugitive Cupid of Moschus, whose wings have been clipt by so many translators, the first ode of Anacreon, which one would think nobody now would *read* *anyway*, the

stale Greek fragment to health, four hacknied passages from Ovid, and a dozen of the most notorious odes of Horace are the whole of the translations from the learned languages; and a castrated version of the story of Orlando and Olympia from Ariosto, and the soliloquy of Amarillis in the Pastor Fido of Guarini, which is to be found at the end of Veneroni's Grammar, are the whole of the translations from the Italian.

Now as all these things have been done into verse, as the phrase once was, before, and many of them have been versified and imitated and paraphrased in every imaginable way, we cannot conceive what could be Mrs. Ware's motive for attempting new translations of them, and still less what could induce her to publish them. Did she hope to surpass all others in the fidelity of her version, or the beauty of her versification? If she did not conceive that she had done this, why did she obtrude her volume on the public? Was she tempted by the silly vanity of letting the world know that she read Greek, Latin, and Italian? She would have convinced the public much more readily that she did understand these languages, if she had translated any thing of which no version has yet been published. We would have recommended to her the love-letters of Philostratus, or the Secret Memoirs of the court of Constantinople under Justinian, by Procopius: she would have found some very pretty stories of the Empress Theodora, and her friend Julia, particularly in the edition of Menage. But now, ill-natured folks may say, that she has done nothing but make a few transpositions in the verses of those who had before translated the works she now professes to translate, which she might very well do without understanding a word of the original. But really these are shameful suspicions, and we therefore will abstain from all comments of the lady's translations, lest by chance our observations

might happen to confirm them. In common justice, however, we must defend her from the imputation of borrowing such expressions, as,

—juice-inspiring sleep. p. 69.

—“ye silent scenes !
To you my pensive bosom leans.” p. 167.

“Naked, indeed, in artful show,
Rich in contentment's grateful glow.” p. 169.

which beautiful couplet, so naked of sense, is repeated three times in the space of six and thirty lines. Nor do we believe that she is indebted to any one for those powers of compression and delicacy of taste, which enabled her to render the “*dulce ridentem, dulce loquenter*” of Horace, by the single word “*lovely*,” p. 115; and those who do not think it a very sufficient and lady-like version, can have no taste for the translations of Mrs. Ware, and therefore we will say no more about them.

Her poetical talents may be best estimated by an examination of her original pieces. Here, however, we neither find originality of thought nor of expression, neither novelty of subject, nor old subjects placed in new lights. There is no flow in the versification of Mrs. Ware, it consists almost entirely of distichs; the reader is brought to a full stop at the end of every two lines. This is a most tedious sort of poetical travelling; and there is no getting on with it.

This portion of the work consists of two or three descriptions of winter scenery, a few lines on the sports of September, beginning,

“When first September wakes the dawning day
The partridge is allow'd a lawful prey.” p. 183.

some couplets on fancy, with no fancy in them; some moral reflections on night, and some stanzas on visiting

a nunnery, upon which occasion the fair author expresses much concern for the unprofitable and cheerless maidenhood of the virgin sisterhood. Besides these, there are a few other short pieces, amongst which are some lines addressed to a husband on service, which, whatever their poetical merits may be, do credit to the feelings and affection of the writer. The lines to the memory of a father are on the same account sacred; but we think that Mrs. Ware might have kept 'the piece of his skull, which was cut off by a broad-sword at the battle of Preston close to the brain, and hung by the skin,' without telling all the world of it.

There is a little obscurity in the following lines, which relate to Darwin's philosophy of generation, that wicked imaginations might construe into something, not intended by the fair author, who, at all events, has not sought, like some modern Sapphos, to acquire a meretricious reputation, by a sacrifice of feminine delicacy:

"So, in *minutest scenes* all vision fails,

Incipient life creative wisdom veils."

P. 219.

Of the style and character of the moral reflections one extract will afford a sufficient specimen.

"Mournful, indeed, that Time's strong scythe on all

This variegated scene of life must fall!

Dark is the picture, and would sink the mind

To melancholy's gloomy hue inclin'd."

P. 222.

Had Mrs. Ware never composed any thing, but such moral reflections as these, we would not willingly have encountered the danger of falling asleep over her book; but it was impossible to pass unnoticed, the translator of Homer, Theocritus, and Moschus, and we are not without apprehension that our having so long deferred our notice may have subjected us to the imputation of a want of literary gallantry.

Letters on various Subjects, literary, political, and ecclesiastical, to and from William Nicholson, D.D. successively Bishop of Carlisle, and Derby; and Archbishop of Cashel; including the Correspondence of several eminent prelates, from 1683 to 1726-7. inclusive. Faithfully printed from the originals; and illustrated with literary and historical Anecdotes. by John Nichols, F.S.A.E and P. First Edition. In two volumes. pages 342, 320. Price 16s. London. Printed by and for the Editor, Red Lion Passage, Fleet-Street, 1809.

ADDICTED as we habitually are to the attentive perusal of ancient and modern works of literature, and therefore conversant, as we certainly presume ourselves to be, with the different attractions which they may severally possess, we hesitate not to state our conviction that the publication of intimate epistolary correspondence (however the documents and materials may have been obtained) will always prove most interesting to purchasers and most lucrative to the ingenious speculator who sells the compilation. Our opinion is grounded on the known depravity of human nature. There exists in all mankind such a restless and ardent spirit of inquisitiveness, as will scarcely be contained within lawful limits. The public records, the national repositories of science, the private museums, the numerous *common* exhibitions of all kinds and descriptions, are too few for the indefatigable curiosity of determined antiquaries; too obvious to gratify, much less to satiate, their appetite for indiscriminate research. To the iron-chest, to the escritoir, to the secret shelf, to the hidden drawer, nay even to *the sacred recesses of the grave*, do these learned gentlemen almost instinctively direct their steps: as jackalls dis-inter putrid carcases, to glut their ravenous maws.

Not Trenck himself, at the head of his ferocious Pandours, carried more havoc and consternation into defenceless districts by his irregular sallies, than antiquaries have caused of late years in their plundering pursuit of epistolary spoil, wherever they thought it lay concealed. Things change their titles, and the firmest principles vary. Now-a-days, instead of being deemed honourable and mutually confidential consignments of unreserved sentiment, never to be divulged to the prying eye of the world, the manuscript letters of warm friends are (by a species of tacit consent, we would hope, between the parties) considered the unalienable future property of the sole survivor and his executors. If that survivor possess too much delicacy of soul or too much scrupulosity, to print them for general sale, still, if he preserve them carefully in his coffers, it shall be said of him, *when he is dead*, that publication was his intention had life been spared. Or, if the sole proprietor in equity die with any such papers in his possession, and by indirect means the librarian of a duke get hold of them, and lock up the *spolia opima* cautiously till the day of his death, March 28, 1807. Oh ! then, all concealment is at an end at once, and it is both lawful and meritorious for a professed antiquary, F.S.A.E. and P. to purchase the goods in 1808, and to exhibit them to all comers with unblushing forehead, June, 1809. No apology can, henceforth, be requisite ; and the very peculiar complexion of the correspondence, and the exalted stations of the several writers, so far from being against the deed, will plead trumpet-tongued in favour of its imitation and success.

“Not to day, O critic,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
NED MARSHALL made in compassing the theft.”

Of the present editor we have heard little but what redounds to his credit; for *him*, therefore, we feel inclined for many reasons to entertain, as fellow-journalists, a very sincere and liberal respect. But, the tenderest connections of society must not be outraged, the sweetest effusions of the heart must not be purloined, the most private communications of both a friendly and a hostile nature between man and man must not be violated and exposed, *after death has closed the eyes of the parties who alone ought to have perused them.*

In the volumes before us, Mr. Nichols has for ever rent the pall that covered many petty frailties of temper and faults of judgment. We regret, in common with his well-wishers, the calamity this worthy author recently experienced, in the destruction of the greater part of the labours of a long and industrious life *by fire*: but we cannot withhold the expression of our unfeigned concern that the writings just edited had not shared that fate.

The Memoirs of Archbishop Nicholson are remarkably uninteresting to general readers, and are prudently comprised in eight dull pages; all the rest are devoted to the discussion of personal animosities, clerical feuds, disputes for privileges and prerogatives, critical hints, complimentary notes, tattling gossip, and dry formulars and official statements. From the multifarious and heavy mass, we doubt not the discriminating taste of a Keate,* a Butler,† or a Barbauld,‡ might have culled out one neat and amusing pocket volume, had the attempt been called for; but sure we are that the sweeping drag of honest *Silvanus Urbanus*

* Editor of Captain Wilson's *Voyage to the Pellew Islands*.

† Author of *Memoirs of Bishop Hildesley*.

‡ Editor of *Richardson's Correspondence*; of which last author Dr. Johnson finely observed, that he "taught the passions to move at the command of virtue."

is better adapted for the purposes of poaching than of legitimate sport.

In Vol. I, pages 188—194, we noticed a curious tract entitled, "A short account of the several kinds of Societies, set up of late years, for carrying on the Reformation of Manners, and for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge;" and in Vol. II. pages 458—461, we were amused with a droll "Account of Dr. Richard Bentley's remarkable speech at the entering into his office of Cambridge Professor of Divinity, A. D. 1717."

Much should we have rejoiced, had it been in our power conscientiously to have extolled this publication. Mr. Nichols has deserved well of the commonwealth of literature, by a number of laborious performances. His palmary work, the "ANECDOTES OF BOWYER," will immortalize his name. But, let him shun the ignominious reputation of a *Curl!* Ever since James Boswell allowed himself to narrate the most trifling incidents, and Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi invidiously followed at his heels, in hopes to have a woman's privilege, *the last word*, down to Mr. William Hayley's "Life of Romney," it seems to have been the aim of book-men by profession to prey upon the *words* and *letters* of other scholars. The evil has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. It is equally injurious to society in general, and to literature in particular. It is injurious to society, because it tends to loosen those bonds of confidence, by which the best interests of society are cultivated, connected, and upheld: it is doubly injurious to literature, because it strikes directly at the root and stem of all free and generous interchange of thought.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HOR.

THE LYCEUM is now the only place in all this vast metropolis, where dramatic performances are to be heard as well as seen ; and to this theatre therefore must our critical remarks be restricted, as we do not consider pantomime within our cognizance. It happens, however, that we have had presented to us by the managers of this stage a greater variety than we had reason to expect at so early a period of the season, and when, too, they have not been stimulated to exertion by any extraordinary efforts of the rival house to please the public.

The whole of the late Drury Lane company, we believe, with the exception of Elliston and Bannister, have been engaged at this theatre, and the managers have been anxiously active to supply the place of these eminent performers. We will notice the new candidates for popular favour, in the order in which they appeared.

Mr. Wrench opened, as the phrase is, in Belcour. It was an enterprizing attempt ; for highly finished as this character is by the author, it requires an highly finished representative : there is a natural elegance, a gentlemanly ease and spirit, totally distinct from fashion, in every thing that Belcour says or does, which demand something more than is generally to be found in those who personate the character ; and the actor who can feel its spirit and delicacy, and is possessed of powers adequate to their faithful delineation, would find little difficulty in representing the heroes of comedy. We cannot say that the persona-

tion of Mr. Wrench answered our ideas of the character. He was not deficient in spirit, but his spirit was boisterous and unpolished : in the apologies which are occasionally made by Belcour, for his irregularities, he succeeded much better, and in such parts of the character as admitted the display, he evinced that he was not deficient in humour. Altogether, however, he appeared much more at his ease, and at home, in Mr. Cherry's vulgar copy of the character, which he has since performed ; we mean Frank Heartall in the *Soldier's Daughter*. There is in fact, a want of gracefulness about Mr. Wrench, which appears to be innate, and which perhaps therefore no efforts on his part can correct. His person is manly, but it is not elegant, and he has a most awkward trick of straddling when he walks, and of jutting out a certain ignoble part, which though denominated the seat of honour shall be nameless, when he stands still. His countenance is open and interesting, but not expressive, and he speaks louder than he need to do ; a fault common to all actors fresh from the country. None of these things, however, prevent him from succeeding in the lower characters of comedy ; and in the performance of the extravagant part of Tristram Fickle in the *Weathercock*, he was extremely amusing.

The *SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER* introduced to the town on the same night, two new performers in the characters of the Widow Belmour, and Timothy Quaint, Mrs. Edwin, and Mr. Knight. We know not with whom it rested to chuse the play for this occasion, but certainly a worse could not well have been selected. It is just such a play as an actor may be expected to compose ; he writes not from his own invention or observation, but from the jumbled medley of dramatic scraps, that are floating in his memory. There might be one reason, indeed, for Mrs. Edwin's chusing the play, which certain circumstances

lead us to suspect was the true one. Her part contained two or three passages, which a favourable audience might apply to the first appearance of the actress; such as "this is my first winter in town," "if you like me, I shall return again next season," &c.: and these were clap-traps into which the audience readily fell.

Mrs. Edwin has acquired a very considerable reputation at Bath and Dublin, and we have yet scarcely seen enough of her, to pronounce positively on her merits. That she has many requisites for the stage we readily allow, but from what we have yet seen of her, we cannot think her a finished actress. She has not yet learnt to stand still on the stage, and there is a wonderful degree of affectation, both in her action, and enunciation; she twists her little figure into a thousand fantastic forms; and though she smiles with all her might, while she has any thing to say, she seems to forget, the moment she has done speaking, that she is still engaged in the scene, and her features assume a serious absent expression. She has however, much spirit, and is capable probably of much improvement, if her flatterers do not spoil her, by persuading her that she has already attained perfection. We think that she would have been a great acquisition to the managers of Covent Garden, if ever they should act plays again, but we do not see how she can be at all wanted at the Lyceum.

Mr. Knight's Timothy Quaint, which by the way is a most miserable attempt at character, had little quaintness in it, and his voice was disagreeably shrill and loud. He afterwards played Robin Roughhead, however, in the farce of Fortune's Frolic, and we really never saw the character performed better. His figure, indeed, which is extremely small, did not well represent the idea of a hardy peasant; but he entered completely into the feeling and simplicity

of the character. The dialect he assumed seemed natural and familiar to him : but it was a harsh northern dialect, not so well adapted, we think, for stage effect as the softer dialect of the west.

Before we conclude our remarks on this theatre, we have a word or two to say respecting one of our highest favourites, for such we may venture to call Mr. Dowton, without any imputation of partiality. He has, within this month, performed the character of Doctor Pangloss. We do not know whether the arrangements of the theatre make it necessary that he should undertake such a part ; at least we should hope that it was not by choice that he undertook it. Mr. Dowton is much too good and too natural an actor, to play such a caricature with any effect : the part is infinitely below his abilities ; it requires quaintness and point ; now Mr. Dowton is never quaint, nor ever unnaturally pointed ; it is his peculiar excellence, to give a rich tone and warm colouring to the whole of a character ; and he may safely let Mr. Fawcett excel him in the representation of such parts as Dr. Pangloss, without envying his superiority.

A little piece, entitled the Jubilee, written by Mr. Arnold, has been produced on the happy occasion which diffused such general festivity throughout the kingdom. It is a pleasing jeu d'esprit, containing many happy allusions to circumstances that have occurred relating to the jubilee ; but the very nature of the production exempts it from the jurisdiction of criticism.

The contest between the public and the managers of Covent Garden theatre, as we foresaw, still continues undecided, nor is there any prospect of a speedy termination : indeed the arbitrary and insolent conduct of the managers has been little calculated to produce a reconciliation. The decision of the committee appointed

by the proprietors, though no doubt perfectly justified by the documents laid before them, has failed to produce a conviction of the necessity for the advance of the prices of admission. It has proved too much. For if the proprietors received six per cent. upon their capital invested in the old theatre, and the proposed advance upon the boxes is more than fourteen per cent., and upon the pit twelve and a half per cent., it seems a little difficult to comprehend how it happens, that the proprietors after all should only, even if the advance be allowed, receive three and a half per cent., as stated in the report of the committee. If this were true, the prices should have been advanced still higher, for the public have too much spirit to wish to be entertained at the expence of Mr. Harris and Mr. Kemble. But if the statement were indeed true, better had it been for the proprietors to have pocketed their 50,000l. which they received from the insurance offices, and have sold their lease of the ground on which their theatre stood, or if they have unfortunately made wrong calculations, and are, from a laudable desire to promote the arts and adorn the capital of their country, involved in an unprofitable speculation, let them apply to parliament, as Alderman Boydell and others have done, for leave to dispose of their theatre by lottery. We will venture to assure them, that they would have no difficulty in disposing of their tickets. Do they imagine that the subscribers to the plan for a new theatre would not very willingly relieve them from the burthen of the concern? If then they really make only three and a half per cent. for their money, and are convinced that they have such a bad bargain, they know how to dispose of it, and at the same time get rid of all the trouble and odium to which they are now subject; but how are we to believe that this is the case, when we see that the Haymarket theatre is a profitable concern,

though the prices there are still lower than the old prices for which the public are now contending ; when we see that Mr. Arnold with as large a company of performers, and with a much smaller theatre, can afford to admit the public at the old prices. We cannot shut our eyes to all these facts, though the managers may attempt to bully us into silence. The prices, they said, had been only once raised since the time of Queen Anne, though every article of consumption had advanced almost double in price : well, the pay of officers in the army has not once been advanced since the time of Queen Anne, except indeed, a trifling addition to the pay of subalterns : and they have not had the opportunity, as managers have, of meeting the difficulty by doubling the size of their house. We should think it, however, rather strange, if these officers were to say, we won't fight your battles, if you don't increase our pay ; and as they have the arms in their own hands, like the managers, we don't know what they might do, if they chose to exert their power ; we could only say to them, if you do not like our pay resign your commission, we will get others in your place ; so we say to the managers, if you don't like the old prices, resign your patent, there are plenty ready enough to take it on the same terms. But what we will not allow to the brave defenders of the country, what we should call a military despotism, and treason to the constitution, we tamely suffer from those, whom the law scarcely considers as under its protection.

Yet these are the people, who are to be protected in nightly assaulting and dragging to prison those who dare to express the least disapprobation of their conduct ; and magistrates are to be found so very zealous for the preservation of the rights of Englishmen, as to lay it down for law, when no case was under adjudication and no opinion was called for, that two or three people meeting together

in a theatre, and making the least noise either by hissing or clapping, were guilty of a riot, in the legal construction of the word, and were therefore subject to imprisonment. The public have no right, says the learned magistrate to whom we allude, to take the law into their own hands; no, certainly, not to destroy the property of the managers, nor to assault the actors. But has this been done by the public? Has not all the violence originated with the managers, by employing prize-fighters to thump the public into acquiescence with their demands? If the public may not hiss or applaud legally, the magistrate would have acted kindly to have told them how they were to express their sentiments. When thus defended, what security is there that the managers will not double or treble the prices of admission? It would be illegal to resist such an attempt, and as their patent excludes all competition on the part of others, those who chuse to go to the play must pay just what the managers may think fit to demand. Perhaps, indeed, the same magistrate may tell us, that we must go to the play, or we shall be liable to an indictment for a conspiracy to lower the prices by absenting ourselves from the theatre. We are certain that if the proudest minister, that ever directed the councils of this empire, had dared to trifle with the liberty of the subject, as much as the managers of Covent Garden theatre have done, by this time the foot of the throne had been crowded with addresses from all parts of the kingdom for his removal, nor would there have been wanting those in parliament who would have impeached him of high crimes and misdemeanors. Henceforth, however, those who frequent puppet shows, had better take care, it seems, how they find fault of the acting of Punch, for the showman may have a constable ready to take them into custody for a grin of disapprobation, and a magistrate may be found who shall say it is law.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum tantas componere lites!—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?—POPE.

1. The Origin of Naval Architecture, a Discourse accommodated to the General Fast ; by Philopharos.

“ The composition of this essay possesses little attraction, unless a *tissue of wild and disjointed declamation* can be agreeable. Philopharos must be *very vain* to imagine that such a discourse as his was ‘ *accommodated*’ to a fast-day, or to *any other day*.”—Monthly Review.

“ Whether ‘ the general fast’ was much ‘ *accommodated*’ by this discourse, we are at a loss to pronounce ; but thus far we can venture to affirm, that it is by no means ‘ *accommodated*’ to ‘ the general’ taste ; at least, of that circle of readers who prefer plain good sense to *unmeaning rhapsody* and *common-place cant*.”—Critical Review.

“ The writer of this discourse is one of those who *scribble* under the persuasion that they cannot fail to please the public when they please themselves : the public however is not quite so lavish of its admiration ; and such *deformed* and *spurious* bantlings as the present, the joint issue of *ignorance* and *vanity* excite, in every one but their parents, sensations of the *most unmixed disgust*.”—Oxford Review.

“ There are *many sentiments* in this tract that deserve the *most serious attention* ; that are *strictly just*, and *truly benevolent* and *patriotic*.”—Antijacobin Review.

“ We have here a forcible appeal to the consciences and the fears of our countrymen.—The author afterwards furnishes some excellent and important lessons of *piety* and *christian pacificism* ; and we have also learned that a *fine and*

triotism. The sentiments are of such a scriptural, exalted, and momentous nature," &c. "The glowing vehemence of the style is worthy of the occasion. The general principles and design are entitled to our warmest commendation."—Eclectic Review.

2. A Reply to a Monthly Reviewer; by Abram Robertson, D.D.

"In an evil hour has the author challenged us to make good the charge," &c.—"That Dr. Robertson should have wasted his time, his money, and his temper, in proving himself wrong, furnishes a fit occasion for pity rather than for anger."—Monthly Review.

"This injured writer has succeeded in demonstrating the unfairness and malignity of his judge."—Eclectic Review.

3. A Sketch of the Causes and Consequences of the late Emigration to the Brazils; by Ralph Rylance, Esq.

Vindiciae Lusitanæ; or an Answer to a Pamphlet entitled, "the Causes and Consequences of the late Emigration to the Brazils :" by Edward James Lingham, Esq.

"Of these two pamphlets, the *first* appears to us to be the *best-written*, and to contain *much valuable discussion*."—Monthly Review.

"The pamphlet of Mr. Rylance is certainly *by a good many degrees the abler* of the two now before us; while *both* are distinguished by a *considerable knowledge* of the subject."—Edinburgh Review.

"We cannot but regret that any one possessing such a knowledge of the subject on which he writes, and with so much talents as Mr. Lingham, should have thought it not unworthy of him to answer the *despicable, ignorant, and malicious* pamphlet, published under the above title" [Mr. Rylance's]. "It bears the *most unequivocal* marks of being the production of one of the *meanest*

and most ignorant panders of a desperate party, that ever issued from the press."—Antijacobin Review.

4. *Memoir on the National Defence*; by J. F. Birch, Captain in the Royal Engineers.

"The author appears to be a man of *sound judgment*, and *enlightened views*."—Critical Review.

"The work of Mr. Birch is *valuable* both for its *knowledge* and its *good sense*. The *reasoning* it contains is *forcible* and *clear*."—Edinburgh Review.

"On the author's military plan we do not feel ourselves competent to decide; but suggestions which seem the result of *military experience*, and much attention to the subject, certainly merit the consideration of those on whom our defensive arrangements will depend."—British Critic.

"We cannot help thinking that captain Birch has taken a most microscopic and *distorted* prospect of danger to this country from an attack on it by the French; and that he has in consequence endeavoured to *magnify* both the necessity and the modes of our defence, *beyond all truth* and *due proportion*.—Even captain Birch's *phraseology* serves to shew that he is *unacquainted* with *military science*."—Monthly Review.

5. *Memorials of Nature and Art, collected on a Journey in Great Britain during the Years 1802 and 1803* by Christian Augustus Gottlieb Goede; translated from the original German by Thomas Horne.

"We think that the *minute accuracy* of *most* of the *details* contained in this work, may render it a *tolerably useful guide* to travellers who wish to become familiar with the obvious points of the English character, and the ordinary matter of fact which appears on the surface of our manners."—Monthly Review.

"This work contains *many valuable observations* of a *well-in-*

formed and enlightened foreigner on the manners, customs, literature, &c. of this country. The criticisms of Mr. Goede on the manners and occupations of different classes in this country, are calculated to convey both instruction and amusement.”—Critical Review (Appendix.)

“ We confess that we have not perused the whole of these volumes. The truth is, that opening them in various parts as chance directed, we met with *so many offensive absurdities*, and *such total ignorance* of English customs and manners, that we found ourselves divided between *indignation* and *contempt*. Our first wonder is, that any person should write such *ribaldry* : our next, that any one should think it worth their while to translate it.”—British Critic.

6. Travels in Asia and Africa ; by the late Abraham Parsons, Esq. Consul and Factor Marine at Scanderoon.

“ Mr. Parsons was a man of good sense and clear observation. *Much of his information is more than commonly valuable.*”—Annual Review.

“ We have throughout found Mr. Parsons an *instructive* and *agreeable companion*. His remarks are *sensible*, and *never trifling*.—Of these interesting countries he has furnished *a number of very curious details* ; *not borrowed from other books of travels*, like most of the modern tours, but *faithful delineations of what he heard and saw.*”—Critical Review, and Appendix.

“ This work is *not deficient in curious and amusing details* : to many readers a large proportion of it will be new, and to all we can recommend it as *authentic*.”—Eclectic Review.

“ The little intelligence we have been able to glean from these old travels, must be evident to our readers by the *insignificance of the best extracts* we could select. Mr. Parsons appears to have been either too intent on making money, or possessed of very feeble powers of mind ; both of which may have been the case. The isolated facts which he records are *frequently neither interesting*—

ing, nor illustrative of the subjects which he describes."—Antijacobin Review.

"It would not be easy to say what addition to our knowledge has been obtained by this volume.—The description of Bagdad seems entirely borrowed, and without acknowledgment, from Niebuhr. At Karak in the Persian Gulf, it is a little singular that this writer should give in detail here, in *seven pages*, the *same anecdotes* which are told by Niebuhr. When we come to Egypt, we are almost inclined to doubt whether the author *ever visited* the places he describes ; what he says is *so very inaccurate, and contrary to real fact.*"—British Critic.

7. Remarks suggested by the Perusal of a Pamphlet entitled "Britain independent of Commerce ;" by P. Williams, Esq.

"Another *squib* called forth by the extravagant fancies of Mr. Spence."—Monthly Review.

"The case of Mr. P. Williams is a good illustration of the approved maxim, that extremes meet ; or that the *ignorant* and the *scientific* are equally the advocates of truth."—Eclectic Review.

"Many of Mr. Williams's remarks are *pertinent and judicious*, and we have perused his performance with *considerable satisfaction.*"—Critical Review.

8. An Appeal to the Legislature and to the Public, in Answer to the "Hints" of a Barrister on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching ; by an Evangelical Preacher.

"This work we are authorized by current report to ascribe to an *amiable* and *promising* young writer, the reverend W. B. Collyer*. His pamphlet has yielded us *sincere pleasure* : it manifests *considerable force* and *keenness of faculty*, and is written

* This is the *gentleman* mentioned with distinction in a note in our 17th Number (vol. 4. p. 204.)—SATIRIST.

for the most part in a *chaste* and *classical style*. His defence of the christian* doctrines is *rational* and *satisfactory*. His vindication of the excellent men whom the Barrister has defamed, is equally zealous and *decisive*.”—Eclectic Review.

“ The whole tribe of saints have been dreadfully alarmed by the assault which has been made by the Barrister on the citadel of their superstition. All able-bodied methodists have been summoned to repair to the works, and to assist in the defence. An ‘ evangelical’ preacher, whom we understand to be the reverend Mr. Collier, the simpering divine, the *popinjay* of the saints, and the ornament of the print-shops, has made an attempt with *little success* to destroy the battering-train and all the besieging-tools of the enemy.”—Critical Review.

“ The author of this pamphlet, who is said to be Mr. Collier of Peckham, skirmishes a long time at a distance, as if he dreaded close quarters ; and when he comes in contact with his opponent, he manages his arms so *awkwardly* that they are easily wrested from him. If the ‘ evangelical’ preachers can find *no better* champion, the field is already *lost*. In point of composition Mr. Collier has exposed himself to the severity of the critic’s lash ; and as for the *art of reasoning*, he does *not* appear to have yet acquired its *first rudiments*.—The remainder of Mr. Collier’s pamphlet is equally *weak* with its commencement : he falls into a strain of *solemn bombast* which would excite a comfortable groan in the tabernacle, but can provoke in the Barrister nothing else than the smile of *contempt*. It has been hinted to us that the ‘ evangelical’ party are rather *ashamed* of their present advocate.”—Monthly Review.

9. Posthumous Essays by Mr. Abraham Booth.

“ These essays strictly resemble, in their various *excellent* qualities, the best of Mr. Booth’s theological writings. They are

* This word (“ christian”), in the language of the Eclectic Review, means exclusively *methodist*. See the note in our 8th Number (vol. 2. p. 334.)—SARTRIST.

a precious legacy to that militant division of the church *," &c.
" A memorial of more sterling value could certainly not have been bequeathed by the aged and venerable saint." †—Eclectic Review.

* We suppress the remainder of this sentence, as it consists of a blasphemous application of the language of Scripture.—SATIRIST.

† " Saint !!" that is, *methodist*, according to the frequent application of this degraded (and now almost degrading) word, by the Eclectic Review, to Whitfield and Wesley, and others of that gang. We have had repeated occasions of alluding to the nauseous methodism of the Eclectic Review; but perhaps our readers may not be aware that that publication is actually recommended from the methodist *pulpits* ! See, for a proof of this, Eclectic Review, vol. 3, page 1119.—

We most earnestly refer our readers to two very curious and interesting articles on the subject of that Review, in the Anti-jacobin Review of last month (p. 110, 111). The first of these articles contains a specimen of *methodistic* censure, quite in the general spirit and style of the Eclectic, but which the booksellers themselves cancelled after a part of the impression was sold, beginning in the following *mild* and *saintly* tone: " If it were possible to concentrate all the *indignation* that ever *burnt* against vice into one *soul*, and *discharge* it in *one word*, *most joyfully* would we point the *shock* of such a *battery* against this *detestable* writer, to *blast* him with *intolerable infamy*, and dissipate into *everlasting* *oblivion* these *atrocious* *productions* of his *pen*." It then proceeds through above half a page of small print, in language producing loathsome disgust and chilling horror. The work on which this *sanctified* publication, the organ and gazette of the *elect*, bestows this *holy* reprobation, is entitled " Travelling Recreations, by William Parsons, Esq.;" concerning which see our 18th Number (Vol. IV. p. 311, 312, and note).—The second of the articles in the Anti-jacobin Review, to which we have referred, details the composition of what it calls the *interior cabinet* of the Eclectic Review, in the following manner: *Editor*, one *Daniel Parkin*, a young man of the profession of the law; having apartments at Mr. Weightman's attorney, Castle-street, Holborn; *Principal Reviewer*, a Reverend Doctor (! !) *Adam Clarke*, a *methodist* parson, and librarian to the methodistic establishment called the *Surry Institution*; a Reverend *Mr. Foster*, author of two volumes of *Essays*, and a *Baptist* preacher; a Reverend *Robert Hall*, likewise a *Baptist* preacher; a Reverend *Joseph Hughes*, another *Baptist* preacher; and a Reverend *Mr. Clayton*, an *independant* preacher. These methodist gentry, it is added, ^{are}

"David Garrick formerly acted in Goodman's Fields: so did Abram Booth; Booth however was not of the house and lineage of David, being a terrible ranter."—Critical Review.

10. A few Observations on the Present State of the Nation; by the Reverend F. Randolph, D.D.

"This author has a *very happy command of language*, and we agree with him in most of his opinions. He is too *so fair and candid a writer*," &c.—Annual Review.

"Dr. Randolph, we think, appreciates the situation of the country *fairly and impartially*: his sentiments are characterized by *soberness and moderation*, yet are expressed with *energy*; and the whole performance is penned in the spirit both of *piety* and **PATRIOTISM**."—Monthly Review.

"At no period do we remember to have noticed so many valuable pamphlets by men of *sound understandings* and considerable attainments, which, *without party-views or selfish interests*," &c. "Dr. Randolph has ranked himself in this useful and honourable class of writers, by his *good sense*, his *liberality*," &c. "The pamphlet on the whole is *extremely creditable* to the writer; and proves that his general views unite the *good sense* of an *enlightened politician*, and the *benevolence* of a *christian divine*."

—Critical Review.

"Upon the whole, after perceiving how *many topics* the doctor has *neglected* to notice, and how *little information* or amusement he has afforded in the discussion of those that he has no-

view one another's works; thus Mr. Hall kindly reviewed Mr. Foster's Essays, &c. &c. It is very fit that the public should know to what *heads* and what *hearts* they are to describe the *language* and *sentiments* which now fill the pages of the Eclectic Review.

We repeat the recommendation, that our readers would take the trouble of perusing the two articles in the Antijacobin Review.—SATIRIST.

ticed ; after observing the *looseness* of his grammatical style, after feeling the *inaccuracies* of his illustrative passages," &c.—*Beau Monde.*

—“ The writer who sets out with such sentiments as these (were there no other symptom of *party-prejudice* in his work) *cannot*, we think, be deemed an *unprejudiced* or *impartial* observer.

—Where is the *spirit* of *Englishmen* fled, when a writer of respectable situation and character can mention such a suggestion in any terms but those of reprobation and disdain ?”—*British Critic.*

—“ This *illiberal sophism*, however, suits the author's purpose,” &c. “ With such *erroneous judgments* before us,” &c. “ This would doubtless be wonderfully sublime and beautiful, were it not *downright nonsense*.—As we can notice only a few of the reverend doctor's *pompous conceits*, we turn with ineffable contempt from his *sanctimonious sophistry*,” &c. “ We cannot conclude our remarks on this pamphlet without confessing that it has left a gloomy impression on our minds : not by the *arguments* it contains, for they *vanish in thin air* ; but because it proves the *degradation* of a member of the church, a doctor of divinity, twisting the *language of sacred truth* into a *shrine** for *despotic party-men*.”—*Antijacobin Review.*

* This is a wonderfully pretty and correct figure, of a *shrine* made of *twisted language*.—*SATIRIST.*